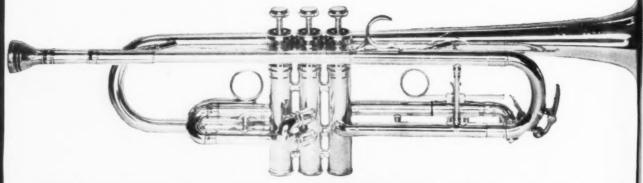


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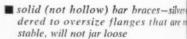
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Jazz began for Jonah on a Mississippi riverboat back in '29. It took him through a career that reads like a history of jazz, while he matured his own unique style. Jonah has played his Olds with such all-time greats as Horace Henderson, Wesley Helvey, Jimmie Lunceford, Stuff Smith, Lil Armstrong, McKinney's Cotton Pickers, Fletcher Henderson, Benny Carter, Cab Callaway, Dizzy Gillespie, and many others. He and his Olds have toured Europe, played in the pit for Porgy and Bess, appeared at the swankiest night spots and on TV spectaculars—he was fabulous recently in "An Evening With Fred Astaire."

Jazz devotees who hear Jonah's muted Olds—and late at night his open horn—say no one sends them like Jonah.

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THE EDITORIAL

SYNANON TROUBLE

Since early this year (DB, Feb. 2), this magazine has supported a daring and unique experiment in the salvage of human lives-Synanon Foundation, Inc., of Santa Monica, Calif.

The philosophy behind this support is not because there is something special about narcotics addicts as people; it is simply because these social pariahs are those who were cast on the scrapheap but who are now trying to reclaim themselves.

From available evidence the City of Santa Monica is as determined to closing Synanon House as Synanon's residents themselves are intent on combating the living hell of drug addiction.

A powerfully influential group of Santa Monica citizens has made it abundantly clear that it wants no part of any organized attempt to keep addicts off drugs-in their town. With the enthusiastic support of elected representatives, these "chosen few" have bent every effort to harass Charles E. Dederich and his 70 or so former drug addicts to the point where they must return to the street and, in probable majority, to never-ending rendezvous with those leeches of human suffering who lie always in wait—the connections.

When Dederich's experiment was confined to a dilapidated store in a beach slumland and his original Tender Loving Care Club boasted less than two dozen members, there was no opposition from city officialdom. Police investigated until they discovered there was nothing worth probing. The members of the TLC Club, it was clear, amounted to nothing more than a small congregation of human debris striving for a comeback into the society from which they had involuntarily estranged themselves.

Then Dederich moved his followers into better quarters

closer to the choice real estate area. The new building with the freshly acquired name, Synanon House, was too close for comfort.

Quietly the city fathers brought pressure to bear on Synanon's residents. Again police haunted the immediate vicinity seeking narcotics violators. But the only violators arrested were those apprehended on direct tips from Synanon residents, who were interested in clearing their neighborhood of active addicts who had moved nearby.

Early last year, legal pressures were brought to bear. The Santa Monica city attorney's office preferred charges against Synanon seeking prosecution for violation of the state's health and safety code ("Treating addicts for addiction in a place not specified for same") and for violation of the municipal zoning ordinances which forbid the operation of a hospital in a residential zone.

The city failed to make the first charge stick. This year, the California legislature enacted a bill clearly designating the Synanon Foundation not as a hospital, institution, or sanitarium, but merely a "place" where addicts could be treated for their affliction without use of narcotic drugs and under jurisdiction of the State Board of Medical Examiners.

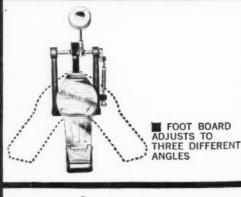
But the zoning violation charge did stick (see page 13, this issue) and Dederich, director and, in the opinion of responsible observers, indispensible man of the Synanon experiment, is faced with a 90-day jail term that could spell disaster for this anti-narcotic program.

This magazine's initial interest in Synanon was fired by the residence there of less than a half-dozen jazz musicians. But this is not the point.

What is the very tragic point is the organized campaign against Synanon in the City of Santa Monica. It is, moreover, that once again there looms the illogical and insane tendency of small people to whirl blindly like sun-crazed tykes trying to devour their own tails.

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On Newsstands Throughout The World Every Other Thursday

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CONTENTS

- 13 Synanon in Troubled Waters
- 13 Petrillo Loses—but Wins
- Charity Begins at the Tax Collector's 14
- Jazz South of the Border 14
- 14 McHugh Sees Bright Future for Composers
- 14 Honey Dripper Jumps Salty
- Focus On Carol Sloane 15
- 16 Paris Blues-a Review
- 17 Clarinet Clarification
- 20 Pete Fountain
- FINAL READERS POLL BALLOT 56

DEPARTMENTS

- 6 The Editorial
- 8 Chords and Discords
- 12 Strictly Ad Lib
- 23 Record Reviews
- 39 The Blindfold Test
- 40 Take Five
- The Inner Ear 41
- 46 Up Beat Arrangement

ON THE COVER

The clarinet has had a long and honorable history in jazz. But in rne ciarinet has had a long and honorable history in Jazz. But in recent years, with few exceptions, those who play the instrument have found little acceptance from either fans or fellow musicians. What happened? Leonard Feather gives his views on the lack of clarinet appreciation in his essay Clarinet Classification, beginning on page 17.

One clarinetist who has been successful recently is Pete Fountain. A deeply rooted musician, Fountain's development is traced by New Orleans writer Charles Suhor. The Pete Fountain story starts on page 20.

The expressive cover drawing is by young Chicago artist Cearge Both

The expressive cover drawing is by young Chicago artist George Roth.

THINGS TO COME

In the Dec. 7 Down Beat (on sale Nov. 23) there is something we feel is quite special. Eric Vogel, a Czechoslovakian jazz critic now living in this country, writes about what happened to him and the members of his jazz band when the Nazis took over his country in 1938. In the first part of the three-part story Jazz in a Nazi Concentration Camp, Vogel, who was an arranger and trumpeter at the time of the occupation, tells of his arrest by the Germans, and how they . . . But we'll spoil the story for you. Be sure to reserve your copy now.

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CHORDS AND DISCORDS

Kudos to Barbara

It is stories like *The Legacy of Clifford Brown* that make *Down Beat* the best jazz magazine in the country. Congratulations to Barbara Gardner on her masterpiece!

The late Clifford Brown was admired by countless jazz fans and fellow jazz musicians. Miss Gardner put it perfectly: "There is little wailing and weeping over the death of Brownie; there is just recog-

nition of a dull void for his absence and thanksgiving that he passed this way at all."

Milwaukee, Wis. Dennis R. Hendley

Congratulations on the outstanding articles by Barbara Gardner. . . . You are fortunate to have a person with her talents.

Also, my commendation on the quality

of your magazine. It is a credit to a wonderful music.

San Jose, Calif. Hall Jacobs

Hammond Rushes to Clarify

There were many kind and undeserved compliments paid me in the feature Meet the A & R Man in the Oct. 12 Down Beal, but I must make one correction.

The record Rushing Lullabies was not supervised by me and was cut just before I returned to Columbia. As I recall, this was Irving Townsend's date with Teo Macero helping him, and although I was in the studio, I was not the supervisor. The record still knocks me out, however. New York City John Hammond

Oops!

Congratulations to *Down Beat* for the recent article on Ray Brown (*DB*. Aug. 31) by Gene Lees. In Lees' article there was one point of information which I believe should be clarified. Lees stated, in correctly, that Brown wrote *In Walked Ray*. This tune was written by Sam Jones, a fine bassist in his own right.

New York City

Barbara Benedict

The Don Ellis Letter

I must take exception to several points which Don Ellis made in his letter to Down Beat in the Sept. 28 issue. First, I wish to point out that I have not yet heard his recording, and consequently cannot say whether I am or am not in agreement with John Tynan's review. Nevertheless, I cannot agree with Ellis' concept of what constitutes sound criticism, whether it applies to his own work or someone else's.

He says that the reviewer "must be able to appraise critically a work whether he is emotionally in accord with it or not. He must be able even if he emotionally likes a work and is moved by it to recognize if it is poorly executed or sloppily performed. . . ." However, the purpose of music is to communicate with the listener. If the reviewer is emotionally moved by a performance, then the music is communicating, and the technical perfection is of secondary concern. After all, the degree of technical execution can only serve to raise the level of communication in the direction of perfection, and if communication does exist, then the quality of execution must be at least up to or above the level of communication. If a performance does communicate, then it certainly should not be put down because of the level of technique, for the latter is not the sole standard. Some wonderfully thrilling and beautiful sounds of music have come from performers such as country blues singers, Gospel choirs, and the like, whose technical proficiencies are certainly not up to those of concert singers. But are some of these sounds any less beautiful?

Ellis continues by saying that the reviewer "must be able to evaluate favorably a work he knows to be well conceived and executed even if he is violently opposed to the esthetic terms of the work." This is ridiculous. If the esthetic qualities of a work are missing, or if they do not reach the listener, how can the performance possibly be "well conceived"? The most bland material may be executed with



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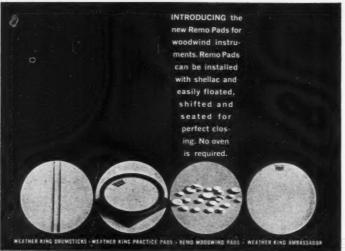
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Ellis also says that "it is time we all stopped worrying about whether music is jazz or not and simply view each work on its own terms. . . ." This is fine if we know what these terms are. New works do not have to fit into a mold, as he points out, but he also says, "I am not concerned whether my music is jazz, Third Stream, classical, or anything else," and if this is so, how are we to know what the terms of his work are? We must know what is being attempted in a particular work in order to know whether the goal is being accomplished. After all, a particular piece may be fine popular music but lousy jazz. It is necessary to know what is intended, what is being attempted, what, as Ellis says, the work's "own terms" are before we can establish any criteria to evaluate the work. This is the only purpose of labeling music by different categories, but it is certainly a valid and worthwhile reason. If Ellis does not care how his music is classified, other than to call it, as he suggests, "Don Ellis noise," then I can only wonder whether he himself knows what he is trying to accomplish in his music. The establishment of new criteria is not up to the reviewer alone, as Ellis seems to demand of Tynan; it is, rather, a co-operative venture between the reviewer and the musician, for only the latter knows what he is attempting, and it is the purpose behind the music which is the basis of criteria.

Also, he asks whether jazz must be bound and relate only to its heritage. Of course it can reach outside of its heritage for materials and ideas; it has always done so in order to progress beyond each point in its past. But, nevertheless, it must still relate to its heritage. Otherwise, how can it be called jazz? You cannot simply forget what has gone before and say that from now on we'll do such and such which is completely unrelated, but we'll still call it jazz. This is not valid. It is this problem, in fact, that is faced in so many attempts at blending jazz and classical concepts. If you still want the result to be jazz, you can't just forget about what it is that makes jazz jazz; otherwise, it comes out as a new type of music in its own category. Thus, the origination of Third Stream music, as opposed to classically influenced jazz and jazz-influenced classical music. (There is nothing wrong with this, of course, as long as it is recognized as a different type of music and a Third Stream criteria is evolved, rather than trying to judge it by standards of something else.)

Finally, Ellis asks what is wrong with experimentation for experimentation's sake? I can only quote Alfred North Whitehead, who said, "The essence of freedom is the practicability of purpose." In other words, let Ellis, or whoever else it may be, experiment, give him the freedom he wants, let him search out new directions for the jazz heritage, but let him also state his purpose—the terms of his own music—so that we may honestly evaluate his practice of it. West Newton, Mass. Malcolm E. Bessom

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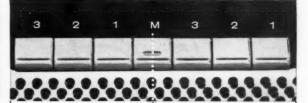
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NEW YORK

Dizzy Gillespie was contracted to play a concert at Tulane University. A \$1,000 deposit was paid to him. Several days before the concert, it was discovered that the Gillespie quintet had one white musician, pianist Lalo Schifrin. At that point, the University Center Music Committee canceled the concert. A spokesman said, "The students made the contract in good faith, and in the belief that it would be an all-Negro quintet. The committee chairman only found out about the white piano player last week, and we called it off. We have

both city and state laws down here which forbid Negroes and whites from performing together. So we couldn't let the concert go on." Joe Glaser, Associated Booking Corp. president, who books the Gillespie group, confirmed the cancellation but refused to return the \$1,000 deposit. "We're backing Diz up 1,000 per cent in this," Glaser said. "We have no intention of bowing to their silly laws, and we also have no intention of returning the deposit on what was to have been a \$2,000 date." A few days later, Gilles-



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Gillespie

pie ran into deep-water problems of similar kind. Denied access to a Kansas City, Mo., swimming pool, "because I am a Negro," Gillespie said, "I will get satisfaction."

Sen. Jacob K. Javits (R-N.Y.) has nominated trumpeter

Sen. Jacob K. Javits (R-N.Y.) has nominated trumpeter Louis Armstrong, along with comedians Danny Kaye and Bob Hope, for congressional grant gold medals honoring them for special services to the United States. Two other musicians have had that honor: Irving Berlin and George M. Cohan.

No one could remember anything quite like this: Zenith Radio Corp. is sponsoring a series of remote broadcasts by jazz trumpeter **Don Ellis**, beginning Oct. 17, broadcast by WNCN-FM from New York's Five Spot Tuesdays from 11:30 p.m. until midnight. Disc jockey **Les Davis** emceed the show, presenting *Down Beat's* **George Crater** for a monolog before Ellis appeared. And Zenith intends to continue these programs, broadcasting live each week from wherever Ellis is appearing.



Fillis

At least as surprising were the series of concerts begun by producers Joseph Beinhorn and Jerry Shafer at Jordan Hall on Oct. 21, scheduled for all Saturdays thereafter at 8:30 p.m. Two things were significant. Beinhorn and Shafer want to present young jazz artists of value, "but those who have not had enough exposure." Beinhorn and Shafer are combining those jazzmen with the supreme cook, Theodore, "spokesman for the disgruntled." Already presented have been pianist Horace Parlan, trumpeter Don Ellis, and pianist Cecil Taylor. Coming up are trumpeters Sol Fisch (Nov. 18) and Ted Curson (Nov. 25).

Comic Lenny Bruce was in trouble on both coasts. In Philadelphia, he was arrested and then released on \$1,500 bail for illegal possession of narcotics. It is a charge he still has to answer. In San Francisco, he was booked and then released on \$367.50 bail for use of obscenity in his act at the Jazz Workshop. He said he intends to fight this "to the Supreme Court if necessary." But, as if all that weren't

(Continued on page 52)

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SYNANON IN TROUBLED WATERS

With its founder and director, Charles E. Dederich, facing a 90-day jail term, the Synanon Foundation, narcotics addict rehabilitation center in Santa Monica, Calif., has applied to the State Board of Medical Examiners for a license to continue legally (see The Editorial, page 6, this issue).

The application was filed Oct. 16 with the medical board in Sacramento, the state capital. Chairman Dr. James F. Regan was unable to say when the examiners would reach a decision on the controversial home for former addicts. Nor could he state when the foundation premises would be inspected by the board. The application, meanwhile, was referred to a state committee on hospitals for narcotics treatment for "study and recommendation."

A bill passed into law by the California state legislature in effect since Sept. 15 charges the medical board with deciding whether the foundation should be licensed as a state-approved place for the treatment of addicts. The new legislation, authored by Assemblyman Nicholas Petris (D-Oakland), places under medical board supervision any "place" which treats addicts without the use of narcotics.

Dederich was found guilty April 4, 1960, by Santa Monica Municipal Court Judge Hector P. Baida on a charge of operating Synanon as a hospital in a residential zone. Tried with him were two members of the foundation's board of directors, Adelaine Ainlay and Jesse W. Pratt. The case was unsuccessfully appealed to Los Angeles Superior Court, the state appellate division, and the U. S. Supreme Court. On Sept. 22 Judge Baida passed sentence. He fined Synanon \$250 and sentenced Dederich to a 90-day jail term, which was suspended with a year's probation on the condition the foundation director serve 30 days in city jail and agree to disassociate himself from any and all Synanon residents. The cases of Ainley and Pratt (both have left Synanon House) were referred by the court to the county probation department for future decision.

Because of Judge Baida's conditions, Dederich rejected probation. The night of Oct. 11 he was booked at Santa Monica city jail and started the 90-day term but was released 40 minutes later on a writ of habeas corpus secured by Synanon attorneys from Los Angeles Superior Court Judge Howard Zie-

mann. Released without bond on his own recognizance, Dederich returns to Superior Court Nov. 21 for a hearing at which the conditions of the writ will be explored. Meanwhile, he continues to live at Synanon House.

Despite attempts by the City of Santa Monica to evict Synanon from its



Dederich

ocean-front home, the foundation continues to function there by virtue of a temporary restraining order issued Oct. 9 by Los Angeles Superior Court Judge Gordon Files prohibiting the city from taking such action.

PETRILLO LOSES —BUT WINS

The annual meeting last month of members of the Chicago Federation of Musicians, Local 10, proved more heated than such meetings usually are.

The business before the membership was a resolution sponsored by the local's board of directors and recording secretary: the membership was to vote on granting James C. Petrillo, Local 10's president for 39 years and former president of the American Federation of Musicians for 18, "when he ceases to hold paid office in Local #10, the same salary he is now receiving as

WALKING BASS

There is nothing so base as a bass in the face, or so claims Mrs. Rose B. Nichols, who is suing clubowners Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Van De Putte of Jimmy Joy's Accordion Inn, Milwaukee, Wis., and bassist Clarence Kallas for \$3,500.

Mrs. Nichols claims that the bass fell out of Kallas' hands and fell on her face, as she was sitting quietly by the bandstand, digging the action without realizing that it was about to descend on her. President, to wit—\$500.00 per week for and during the duration of his life. This grant to be irrevocably guaranteed."

Petrillo opened the meeting, attended by some 400 members, with an hourlong recounting of his services to the local and to the cause of musicians. In the impassioned address, he told of several threats against his life in the past, the bombing of his home in the '30s (a bombing that led to the death of one of his sons), and the pressures exerted on him by big business concerns and racketeers.

In the debate after Petrillo's speech, several members spoke against the resolution and proposed alternatives. Much of the opposition was centered among members of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra.

One member who spoke, Lillian J. Poenisch, quiet-spoken grade-school teacher, proposed that if the membership voted Petrillo the sum, he set up a music-appreciation fund to be used in Chicago's grade schools, and if the members did not vote him the money, the local establish such a fund, to be named in honor of Petrillo.

After the two-hour debate, Petrillo spoke. "Give me what you're going to give me with your heart." he said, his voice cracking with emotion. "Don't give me anything with muscle. . . . I want your love. I want your honor—not your money." He said he did not want the pension and that the board drew up the resolution without his knowledge. He suggested that all motions be withdrawn and that the members vote on Miss Poenisch's proposal. The members cheered Petrillo for his stand and voted unanimously in favor of the union's setting up the fund.

The fund is to be named the James C. Petrillo Music Appreciation Foundation. A committee of seven will determine how the \$25,000 a year fund will be distributed. The program starts Jan. 1, 1962.

... AND LEAVE THE DRIVING TO US

This country's effort to promote itself as a place for foreigners to visit thereby helping to redress the dollarflow imbalance—got a bit of help from jazz and a couple of commercial enterprises.

Pan American World Airways and Greyhound Bus representatives: forest rangers; multilingual stewardesses; Miss Visit USA; the deputy mayor of Paris, Texas; and four jazz musicians set off to visit 21 cities in Britain, West Germany, France, Italy, and Switzerland.

Pan Am is interested in promoting its off-season economy flights. Greyhound, which is toting the group around Europe in one of its finest, is offering foreigners a \$99, 99-day tour around the country with tie-ins with motels, restaurants, etc.

The rangers, on the Europe trip, will talk about scenic wonders, and the stewardesses will interpret. The deputy mayor will appear. Miss Visit USA will pose. The jazz muscians will play. They are John Mehegan, piano; John Handy, alto saxophone; Julian Euell, bass; Barry Miles, drums.

Plans call for jazz to be played from the bus as it tools along the boulevards.

CHARITY BEGINS AT THE TAX COLLECTOR'S

Frank Sinatra's appearance in Mexico City for a charity benefit, has convinced him that he should do the same in this country.

Consequently, he reported he now has plans to perform in a dozen ball parks next summer, all performances for various charities still unnamed. As a matter of fact, most of the details are still unresolved. There is no indication as to whether Sinatra friends—"The Clan"—will make the tour.

What is clear is a projection of possibilities of obtaining Yankee Stadium—100,000 possible seats, amounting to \$400,000. The charities could benefit by more than \$1,000,000.

Sinatra would be permitted—according to the indefinite plans—to pay other performers out of his own expense money, thus avoiding the federal Theater Authority tax, that can amount to 15 percent of the gross and is levied for allowing performers to perform gratis.

WESTON NEW NARAS PRESIDENT

Arranger-conductor Paul Weston, one of the founders of the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences in 1957, has been elected president of the national organization.

The national trustees of the academy, meeting in Beverly Hills, Calif., recently, also elected Nesuhi Ertegun first vice president, David Garrell second vice president, Voyle Gilmore secretary, and Bob Yorke treasurer.

Procedures for nominations and awards for the 1961 Grammy Awards were also settled by the NARAS trustees.

Weston and James B. Conkling, who recently resigned the presidency of Warner Bros. records, were appointed to the Los Angeles chapter of NARAS

board of governors. Both were previously elected to the national board of trustees. Already on the Los Angeles board of governors are Margaret Whiting, Sonny Burke, Mack David, and Elmer Bernstein.

JAZZ SOUTH OF THE BORDER

A growing movement to bring North American jazz to Mexico made another step forward when the Hi-Lo's vocal group and arranger-pianist Clare Fischer worked a three-week engagement recently at the Terrazza Cassino in Mexico City.

A high spot of their stay was a special jazz concert at the Auditorio Nacional. Featured were the vocal group, two Mexican jazz groups and singers, and Fischer's trio sponsored by the U.S. embassy and the Asociacion Mexican de Musica Moderna.

Fischer, who played with Victor Ruiz Pazos, bass, and Salvador Aguerro (Ra-



Fischer

bito), drums—both of Mexico City—recorded an abum during the concert for RCA Victor. According to the pianist, the album was the first jazz LP to be recorded in Mexico.

Fischer emceed the concert in Spanish. Before he and the Hi-Lo's returned to the United States, the pianist received a formal letter of commendation and appreciation from the U.S. embassy.

The co-sponsoring Asociacion Mexicana, Fischer said, is an organization of leading figures in Mexican music whose aim is to acquaint Mexicans with contemporary music and to encourage appearances in Mexico by U.S. jazzmen.

McHUGH SEES BRIGHT FUTURE FOR COMPOSERS

A "serious shortage" of composers and arrangers with the advent of pay television was predicted recently by famed songwriter Jimmy McHugh.

Currently composing the title tune of the forthcoming Joe Levine picture, I Married a Psychiatrist, McHugh said he believes pay TV will create an extreme demand for these creative services. "The demand for musicals is now intense," he explained, "and the fact that Hollywood recognizes this is verified by its willingness to pay vast sums for Broadway successes."

Characterizing the growing trend in Hollywood to pay top money for Broadway musicals as "penny wise and millions of dollars foolish," the songwriter argued that movie makers have been ignoring the creative potential on their own doorsteps by not buying into numerous Broadway hits so that the shows could have been made in Hollywood from the start.

"Why do the record companies invest in the musicals for Broadway and not the film studios?" McHugh asked. "Hollywood was once the musical capital of the world and musicals made up a large percentage of the films."

"Today," he continued, "we must buy these very same musicals from Broadway and then transform them into films with additional music and screen composers to score the pictures."

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The "fantastic ratings" earned by television musical spectaculars also were cited by the composer as evidence of definite demand for similar fare by TV producers.

HONEY DRIPPER JUMPS SALTY

A demand for \$1,000,000 in damages has been made against Prestige records, Inc., by songwriter-pianist Joe Liggins.

Liggins, composer of *The Honeydrip*per, a rhythm-and-blues hit some years ago, charged "unauthorized piracy and literary theft" of his composer rights in a Prestige album by organist Jack Mc-Duff which included the title of Liggins' composition.

The songwriter pointed out that in the body of the back liner of the McDuff album, authorship of *The Honey Dripper* is attributed to Chicago blues singer Roosevelt Sykes. On the record label itself, Liggins said, composer credit is listed as Sykes and Liggins.

In a wire to Prestige, Liggins declared, "You are requested to advise me by what authority have you published Prestige album number 7199 and advertise on the record and the album cover that the tune *The Honey Dripper* was composed by Roosevelt Sykes. For your information *The Honey Dripper* was composed, written, and published by me in 1942 and copyrighted in 1943. Demand is hereby made upon you for damages in the sum of one million American dollars for your unauthorized piracy and literary theft."

Professing bafflement as to the credits on the McDuff album, already a big seller for Prestige, Liggins told *Down Beat*, "I never met this guy Roosevelt Sykes in my life, and I don't even know what he looks like."

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By DAVE BITTAN

The jazz buffs and critics who skipped the Newport festival this year missed the birth of an important new singer—tiny (5-foot, half-inch), bright-eyed, enthusiastic Carol Sloane.

What made the debut so startling was the fact that few of the handful of persons at Freebody Park for a Saturday afternoon concert were prepared for what they heard.

Introduced as a home-town product, from nearby Providence, R. I., Miss Sloane was a complete unknown to most in the audience. But, after hearing standards such as Little Girl Blue, My Funny Valentine, and Mountain Greenery sung in a simple, direct, tasteful style—and in tune—the festival crowd knew it had heard a voice it wouldn't forget.

This was a big voice with a wide range and perfect pitch. It was a voice trained by hundreds of hours in front of a mike with a big band behind it. And there were six months in an overseas company of *Kiss Me*, *Kate*, plus a week of screaming the explosive, soaring parts of Annie Ross with Lambert-Hendricks-Ross.

"I started singing like your kids are singing," said this honest young woman of 24. She was seated in my suburban Philadelphia home. Bob Bonis, her friend and booker, was with her. She pointed at three small girls, all under 10, and smiled as they sang George Simon's lyrics to nursery rhymes.

Carol Sloane's introduction to jazz came by playing Stan Kenton's Artistry in Rhythm on a children's record player and hearing Jazzbo Collins' radio show over a set in her room.

At the age of 14, she was singing professionally with the 14-piece band of Ed Drew, active then as now in Providence. Married at 18 to a soldier who took her to Germany, she had a taste of

musical comedy with a touring Army group. She was divorced, and then it was back to Providence and Ed Drew. She was only 20.

During the day, she punched a typewriter as a secretary for Rhode Island Gov. Christopher Del Sesto. By night, she worked with Drew and occasionally made other appearances. Such as one in a cocktail lounge in Fall River, Mass.

"That's where I found her, playing maracas and cocktail drums and singing up a storm," Bonis recalled. It was Labor Day, 1958, and Bonis was road manager for the big band of Les and Larry Elgart, which was playing a date at Lincoln Park in Fall River.

"We didn't have a girl singer," Bonis said. "We'd auditioned about 300 but couldn't find anyone we liked. Then this fellow told me about a girl, who sounded like a cross between Dinah Washington and Ella Fitzgerald, singing at a cocktail lounge.

Bonis drove over to the lounge in Les Elgart's white Chrysler—complete with telephone.

"She didn't sing like Dinah, but I liked what I heard," Bonis said, "so I asked her to come over to the ballroom and sing a couple of numbers."

Carol, unimpressed by the car—and a printed business card—was reluctant. But she finally gave in, sang with the Elgart band, and was hired on the spot.

In nearly two years with the Elgart band, Carol picked up as much experience listening as she did singing.

"I'd sing lead trumpet and reed parts to myself while I was waiting to sing my solos," she said. "It was wonderful listening to a big band. . . ."

On one Elgart recording (At The Roosevelt) Miss Sloane's voice can be heard with the trumpets if you listen closely.

The Elgarts are not known as the

happiness boys in front of a mike, so the singer did a lot of "emceeing" in addition to vocalizing, preparing herself for a career as a single.

While she didn't get herself much of a name while on tour with the Elgarts, Carol proved popular with the ballroom operators.

But, last summer, Bonis, then working for the Willard Alexander agency, thought it was time for Miss Sloane to go on her own. She left the Elgarts and settled in New York City for the long, hard grind of building a career as a single.

Dates were few, and she had to fall back on the typewriter, hiring herself out by the day with an agency supplying temporary office help.

The first break came at the ill-fated Pittsburgh Jazz Festival on Labor Day, 1960. Miss Sloane was one of the hits of the festival, attended by few fans and few critics.

But Jon Hendricks, the H of L-H-R, heard her sing and remembered her range and ability to scat.

Several months ago, Annie Ross was unable to make a date at Pep's bar in Philadelphia because she was having dental work done in Toronto. Carol was summoned from New York and filled in until Miss Ross recovered.

The stint with Hendricks and Lambert, the years on the road with Elgart—even the musical comedy—have combined to equip Carol Sloane with a background that will enable her to work any kind of singing date.

"I don't want to be just a 'jazz singer,' although jazz is my first love," she said. "I want to do television. I even want to try musical comedy. It's a marvelous experience."

But, for now, she is concentrating on making a name on records and in doing

(Continued on page 41)



PARIS BLUES

By JOHN TYNAN

be less than kind to Duke Ellington and Billy Strayhorn in their ventures into the movies. In *Anatomy of a Murder* they were confronted with an outstanding film to which their music did little justice; in *Paris Blues* their musical contribution is superb while the film is a telling example of well-acted nonsense.

Based upon Harold Flender's novel about expatriate U. S. jazz musicians, Paris Blues is a Pennebaker production released through United Artists, starring Paul Newman and Sidney Poitier as the jazzmen and Joanne Woodward and Diahann Carroll as their vacationing lights o' love.

Louis Armstrong appears in two scenes, acting in the first, playacting with his horn in the second. As a thespian, he is natural, at ease and charmingly convincing; as Wild Man Moore, a jazz great in Paris, his still-potent playing is almost utterly wasted in one of those unfortunate Hollywood "jam sessions" born in fantasy and dying in bedlam.

No fewer than three screen writers—Jack Sher, Irene Kamp, and Walter Bernstein—tax the customers' credulity in the characters culled from the novel.

They ask us to believe that a 12-day promiscuous fling between Newman and Woodward is in fact "real love." (Newman's moral looseness is presumably justifiable because, after all, he's a jazz trombonist and, my dear, you know those musicians . . . Woodward's excuse for the adventure is somewhat more obscure; but she is a divorcee from a provincial U.S. town and, after all, you know those divorcees . . .) The blitheness with which Newman casts off Miss Woodward's offer to make an honest man of him and her corresponding stocism as she tells him, in farewell, "You'll never forget me" is unconvincing.

The growth of the relationship be-

tween Miss Carroll and Poitier fares better at the hands of Sher-Kamp-Bernstein. Poitier, bitter because of race relations in the United States, won't go home to prejudice; in fact, he avers Paris has become his home. But with love in bloom and after a good talking to by Miss Carroll, he is finally persuaded to look on the brighter side, and, as her train rolls out of the Gare Saint Lazare, he tells her he'll follow her home on the next boat.

As a story, Paris Blues is chock full of ingredients calculated to engender strong boxoffice lure. Sexual promiscuity, Negro-white relations (Newman at first makes a play for Miss Carroll), the alleged exoticism of jazz-cum-Gay-Paree, and, oh yes, narcotics addiction.

This time the junkie is a moustached gypsy guitarist, equally at home in jazz and classics and a ringer for the late Django Reinhardt. The character is given a strong portrayal by actor Serge Reggiani, who invests the role with unusual insight.

Although the story centers about the two U. S. jazzmen and their sextet in the Paris cellar night club where much of the action takes place, most of the genuine musical interest in the picture lies in the Ellington-Strayhorn underscore.

Strayhorn has said of Ellington's work in the film, "He has written some strong stuff-typically Ellingtonian," but surely the orchestration credits are Billy's, though he gets no billing. Under his pen the orchestra comes through in full splendor as the cinematic action shifts through Parisian locales. There are delicate, subdued nocturnal voicings behind a late night street scene; some riotous Dixieland behind the opening railroad station scenes; scoring for flute, oboe, and clarinet in a wispy impressionistic vein as the actors stroll by the Seine, the music developing on a broader pallette during a boat ride on the river.

Much credit for the unstinting use of underscore must go to director Martin Ritt, who takes advantage of the Paris scenery to follow the Americans about on a sight-seeing tour while the band opens up on soundtrack and romps full-throated to ever-shifting camera shots. Nor does Ritt permit irrelevant and incidental dialog to interfere with the music. Frequently the characters mouth wordlessly under the music while the camera tells the story.

This predominance of underscore is heresy to less daring movie makers and in more conventional contexts would serve only to obtrude at the expense of dramatic continuity.

It is clear that Ellington and Strayhorn have learned a lot since Anatomy of a Murder vis a vis the employment of Ellingtonia in the cinema medium. Film composers trained in the medium will likely look askance at the music in *Paris Blues*, but they cannot deny its effectiveness or its unique appeal both as music and as the means of heightening dramatic impact.

"I have used a few old tunes," Ellington has said of his work on the picture, "as I think people will like to hear them."

Thus, we find Sophisticated Lady tinkled by the on-camera pianist in the cellar club and Paul Newman faking a trombone solo of Mood Indigo to Murray McEachern's soundtrack recording. Billy Byers, who served as musical adviser, trombone coach to Newman, and recording musician in the jam session sequence, proved to be an excellent tutor.

McEachern's part in the music is notable. In addition to his trombone work with the Ellington orchestra, he is composer of *Paris Blues Theme*, heard behind the opening main title, recurring throughout the story and finishing up with his solo trombone quite prominent and most effective in the musically gripping final scenes.

Apart from a smattering of jazz guitar recorded in Hollywood by Barney Kessel, the guitar faking by actor Reggiani is the work of a composite of three musicians. The most effective guitar interlude, played at a party sequence, reportedly was recorded by an unidentified French musician.

Jazz tenor saxophone solos are sparse indeed. Paul Gonsalves' horn is heard but briefly in a short segment of the theme played as source music on a phonograph and in a couple of other spots on the soundtrack.

During the jam session sequence, with Poitier faking tenor on instruction from French sax man Guy Lafitte, there is a tenor solo in a Lester Young-derived style. Inasmuch as the musicians involved with Armstrong in this sequence are all French, it is probable the tenor solo here is Lafitte's. (Because of Ellington's ever-active itinerary, the music was recorded in Hollywood, New York, and Paris. Hence the ambiguity on exact personnel on the different recording dates.)

"I enjoyed writing the music for Paris Blues," Ellington has said. "I still keep writing, and I think I must be just about getting my second wind. I've written more in the last two years than for 10 years previously."

Is EMPLOYMENT is evident in the finished product. Paris Blues, in the last analysis, may add up to dramatic nonsense as a motion picture, but if one can stand the agonizing story line, the music makes it worth most winces.

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CLARINET CLASSIFI-CATION

By LEONARD FEATHER

UDDY DEFRANCO won the *Down Beat* Readers Poll last year, just as he did in 1945 and 10 times in the intervening years. On the surface, this might seem to indicate a pleasant, time-erasing sense of continuity and a tribute to the readers' loyalty. A more penetrating examination unhappily reveals far less encouraging factors.

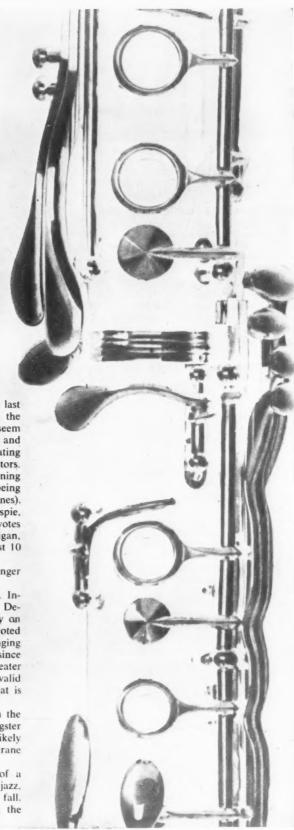
In the first place, this was by far the smallest winning vote in the six major horn categories (the others being trumpet, trombone, and alto, tenor, baritone saxophones). The three leading trumpets—Miles Davis, Dizzy Gillespie, and Maynard Ferguson—among them pulled more votes than the six leading clarinetists. And Gerry Mulligan, solo, got more than the entire combined vote of the first 10 clarinetists.

Even the flute and accordion categories had stronger winners.

What this means can be construed in several ways. Instead of winning entirely on merit, as he should have, DeFranco won at least partly by default, through apathy on the part of readers who couldn't care less who they voted for in this department, or through the lack of challenging new talent. All the other 1945 winners have long since been displaced by younger talents; not necessarily greater because of their youth or newness but important and valid in their own terms as part of the natural evolution that is inherent in any fast-maturing art.

Just as significantly, the figures indicate a decline in the musicians' own interest in the clarinet. The youngster studying today for a career in jazz is far more likely to pursue the footsteps of a Miles or Mulligan, a Coltrane or Cannonball, than those of a clarinetist.

Face it: the instrument that for the better part of a decade, from 1935, was the worldwide symbol of jazz, has suffered a severe and inexplicable decline and fall. Even Rolf Kuhn, certainly the best new soloist on the





NOONE

scene since DeFranco showed the way, has little to show beyond a critics poll victory for the years of study and the wealth of heart he has put into his brilliant creations.

HE HISTORY of the clarinet goes back almost to the beginning of jazz. A shrill and exuberant voice in the early marching bands, an exciting element in the sword-crossing improvisations of the early Dixieland and New Orleans ensembles, it ranked for years with cornet (or trumpet) and trombone as one of the three principal horns, reaching its zenith with the glorification bestowed on it by Benny Goodman.

Perhaps it was the extraordinary impact of Goodman, and the high level of musicianship set by him and his contemporaries, that made further progress a challenge almost impossible to meet. As jazz evolved and placed ever greater technical demands on the performer, the role of the clarinet moved in an inverse ratio.

It seems to me (and having struggled with it for quite a while as an exasperating student of the patient Jimmy Hamilton, I can speak from experience) that the technical problems confronting the clarinetist are terrifyingly hard to surmount, in these far-more-demanding times, than they were back when 16th notes were only occasionally played.

In effect, the clarinet is two different instruments, each played in a register of its own. The lower (chalumeau) register, with its rich, sonorous quality, is by far the easier to play; the upper register (reached by pressing a ring under the left thumb) extends from F above middle C upward for two more octaves. Only an exceptional musician can hit the higher notes with unerring accuracy of pitch and acceptable tone; moreover, the notes marking the transition between lower and upper registers (known as the break) are tricky to execute in rapid improvisation.

Two kinds of clarinet, each with a different fingering arrangement, have been in general use in jazz: the Albert or "simple" system and the Boehm system. Many musicians feel the former is less simple than Boehm's. Many of the early New Orleans clarinetists played, or play, Albert clarinet: Larry Shields, Johnny Dodds, Sidney Bechet, Barney Bigard, Omer Simeon, Edmond Hall. So did Jimmy Dorsey, and Russell Procope is another Albert performer. The Boehm men include Benny Goodman, Frank Teschemacher, Albert Nicholas, Pee Wee Russell, Artie Shaw, and Woody Herman. Buster Bailey, who once said passages impossible on an Albert are easy to play on a Boehm, is fluent on both types.

In its heyday, during the 1920s and '30s, the clarinet was used to convey three moods. The brooding, full-toned chalumeau and middle-register sounds were closely associated with Jimmie Noone, the first real clarinet giant in my opinion, and an undisputed early influence on Benny Goodman. Irving Fazola of New Orleans was noted for the same qualities, and in recent years Jimmy Giuffre surprisingly achieved a vogue status, and even won several polls, by confining his work almost entirely to soft, understated, lower-register solos.



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The second mood is the now outmoded "dirty" sound, part of an era when unorthodox tone quality was deemed a part of the essentially novel nature of jazz. Pee Wee Russell, beginning with the series of recordings he made from 1927 with Red Nichols, was inseparably associated with smeared notes, glissandi, choked-up effects, and other sounds that often seemed to be half B flat and half saliva. Teschemacher was of the same school, and Benny Goodman's very early recordings reveal that before he settled for a more legitimate tone his timbre was as "dirty" (the present term would be funky) as Pee Wee's. Fud Livingston was another who, on records with Nichols and others, emphasized this exaggeratedly earthy approach.

The third mood, and this was the one that put the clarinet both literally and figuratively on top in jazz, was the shrill, riding-over-the-ensemble, upper-register style most closely identified with Goodman but used extensively and effectively by other clarinetist-leaders during the decade of the instrument's dominance: Woody Herman, Artie Shaw, Jimmy Dorsey, Tommy Reynolds, Jerry Wald, and, for a while in the '50s, Tony Scott. Similar effects were sometimes achieved by sidemen such as Barney Bigard with Duke Ellington and Matty Matlock and Eddie Miller with Bob Crosby.

Of course, this distribution of the clarinetists into categories involves a number of generalizations. Bigard, for instance, had some of his eloquent moments in the lower register (*In a Mellotone*, for example), and Dorsey was capable at times of a convincingly "dirty" approach.

Having stated these three moods, we can observe more clearly how, in the context of the instrument's threefold potential, it has receded from the forefront in the fashion-ridden world of jazz.

The lower-register quality, though always one of the most important on a musical level, had little to do with the success or acceptance of the clarinet. It was little more than a mood-changer. One can no more imagine the launching of a swing era with chalumeau solos by Goodman than the inauguration of boogie-woogie as a vehicle for the accordion.

Mood No. 2 has been driven into obsolescence by the technical developments in jazz and the scorn in which many present-day jazzmen hold such unorthodox effects. To most contemporary ears these belong in the same bag with the wa-wa trumpet and the plunger trombone.

The third mood has been destroyed by the disappearance of its original context. The excitement induced by Goodman was a product not only of his own peerless musicianship but also of the big-band scores surrounding and enveloping and embellishing his work. The fall from grace of the big band itself, and the absence of clarinet soloists in most of the few remaining big bands, has contributed in large measure to the clarinet's stagnation.

SIDE ISSUE here is the altered psychological climate in jazz.

The term "excitement" possibly had a more

superficial meaning, or denoted a mood that could be achieved by more obvious devices, in the days when so much was written in the newspapers about wailing clarinets. Today the jazz enthusiast tends to see his excitement through a glass darkly, conveyed by an instrument in which the stimulation is not inherent so much in the tone quality as in the performance itself—the degree of harmonic and melodic creativity.

There are a number of superior Goodman-derived clarinetists still active on the scene—Sol Yaged, Johnny Mince with Dick Hyman's fine modern group on the Arthur Godfrey morning radio show, Gus Bivona with his combo on the West Coast and in occasional gigs with Steve Allen. Yet they cannot attract or build the type of Pied Piper following that Goodman and Shaw had in their day, any more than DeFranco and Scott have been able to sustain a modern counterpart for that following.

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The racial factor should not be a consideration, but realistically it can hardly be avoided.

In the swing era the Negro jazz musician faced innumerable disadvantages; he had difficulty gaining access to top hotel and club jobs, almost all the white bands and combos were closed to him, and his chances of winning a popularity poll were slim compared with the chances of an often inferior white musician who had greater opportunities for exposure. It is entirely possible that if Benny Goodman had been a Negro, his band would have had about as much luck as Fletcher Henderson's; the swing era might never have started.

Today the situation is to some extent reversed. As Ralph Gleason observed recently, club operators are leery of hiring most white jazz groups. Since many fans now relate authenticity and soul to pigmentation, and since none of the leading clarinetists happens to fit into this contrapositive picture of prejudice, the horn has been suffering under still another handicap.

As a result of the developments, decays, and mutations, the clarinet began its descent from the jazz Valhalla it had occupied for so many years. There were, too, many countervailing forces that hastened its decline. Other instruments had a vogue popularity: the trumpet, in the day of Harry James, Erskine Hawkins, et al.; later the tenor saxophone, with Illinois Jacquet as a focal point; and for a while the Hammond organ, via Wild Bill Davis and his imitators.

While these new trends were developing, Buddy De-Franco and Tony Scott waged a losing battle. They came in with the right horn at the wrong time. DeFranco tried to head a big band for a while, in 1951. It was a first-rate group with a fine library of modern arrangements, but there were too many elements to fight: both the instrument and the large orchestra had passed their peak of public acceptance. Nevertheless, for several years after this group dissolved, DeFranco toured with a cooking quartet that was just about the only combo of its kind to enjoy a fairly

DeFRANC

consistent degree of success in night clubs.

One other factor must be considered. The success of Pete Fountain has shown that there is still hope for the revival of the clarinet, and that the long lull may have been at least partly a matter of chance. But Fountain's analysis is relevant.

"I happen to move around a little when I play," he said. "The hips shake. If you come by this kind of thing naturally, and if the people feel it more when that happens, I'm sure it must help. I remember seeing Fazola in the clubs on Bourbon St., just standing up there with the clarinet resting on his stomach, and the people didn't realize how beautifully he was playing, because he just couldn't project—he lacked the personality."

Today, the jazzman often likes to tell himself that the music will sell itself and personality is secondary now that jazz has arrived at a stage where its esthetic and intellectual appeal can be appreciated by a more sensitive audience.

Yet there are still personal factors to be reckoned with, even when they are seemingly negative ones. The Modern Jazz Quartet's solemnity, Miles Davis' taciturnity, are as much a part of their appeal as Gerry Mulligan's witty conversations with the audience are of his. Though you could hardly call Benny Goodman a glamour boy, there was a certain elan in his manner on the bandstand that became a vital part of the swing-era syndrome.

That men like DeFranco and Jimmy Hamilton happen not to have the kind of visual personality that would enable them better to get their message across has undoubtedly been a deterrent in popular reaction to their work.

offer the above arguments as speculation rather than explanation. It is entirely possible that if someone today were to invest enough money to put a first-class big band behind, say, Rolf Kuhn—a good-looking, personable musician and a wonderful clarinetist—and throw him into a half-dozen jazz festivals or concert tours next year, the tide might turn decisively.

Pete Fountain already has helped start the reversal of the current, but because his characteristics are essentially rooted in Goodman, I believe it will take a clarinetist representative of strictly contemporary influences to show the full impact with which the artistic and commercial possibilities of the horn can be re-energized.

As an alternative route, this end might be accomplished if some major figure already firmly established as the master of another instrument—say John Coltrane or Gerry Mulligan—were suddenly to switch horns and divert most or all of his time to a bring-back-the-clarinet crusade. With the artist automatically accepted, the instrument could be sold to a generation for which it would be a unique and attractive innovation.

Now if that's what Sonny Rollins has been up to the last 27 months, you know he hasn't been wasting his time.



SCOT



PETE FOUNTAIN

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By CHARLES SUHOR

New Orleans' Bourbon St., a relatively isolated place enjoys the distinction of being the most sought-out night club in the Cresent City. Pete Fountain's French Quarter Inn, several blocks down the street from the main cluster of clubs, is flooded nightly by tourists and natives whose obvious enthusiasm for Fountain suggests that he might have opened a club with equal success on the banana wharves.

Fountain's success story is an unlikely one. Born in the Crescent City on July 3, 1930, Fountain's musical training began at the age of 12 when his family doctor advised him to study a wind instrument to strengthen his lungs. Pete studied with the New Orleans Symphony Orchestra's Emanuel Alessandra for several years and soon showed promise in his ability to improvise in the style of the great New Orleans clarinetist, Irving Fazola.

At an impromptu jam session after a high-school football game, he met Frank and Fred Assunto, and with them formed the Junior Dixieland Band. The youngsters were catapulted to national attention when they won on the Horace Heidt amateur show in 1947 and went on tour with the Heidt troupe.

The Juniors returned to New Orleans to discover that they were full-fledged celebrities. Within a year, Fountain left the Junior band to join an impressive roster of seniors that Phil Zito had organized for a Bourbon St. club engagement. Zito's group, copiously billed the International City Dixielanders, included trombonist Joe Rotis, pianist Roy Zimmerman, bassist Bunny Frank, peppery young trumpeter George Girard, Fountain on clarinet, and Zito on drums.

The group was highly successful. A Columbia album, Fountain's first recording, sold well; but internal dissension brought the band—or at least Zito's leadership of the band—to an end. The sidemen moved out in a body, hired Charlie Duke as drummer, and hung up their shingle as the Basin Street Six.

The inclusion of Duke proved to be a well-advised move, at least from an artistic viewpoint; Duke's style was well suited to the group's happily swinging Dixie groove.

By 1949, the Basin Street Six had become the most tightly knit Dixie group since Sharkey Bonano's band reawakened the city to Dixieland music years before. Fountain, long compared to the city's oldest clarinetists, was establishing himself as a standard of comparison for aspiring young clarinetists.

marked his earlier playing. It was a difficult association to break, for a virtual legend had grown concerning Fountain and Fazola. Fountain had been dubbed "Little Faz" when local jazzophiles first noticed his attempts to play in the Fazola style; the night of Fazola's death. Pete, still underage, subbed for him in a Bourbon St. band; furthermore, Fazola had bequeathed his clarinet to the young Fountain.

But traces of other clarinetists were becoming evident. Fountain began to punctuate fluent Fazolian phrases with incisive, Goodman-like accents. His tone developed a brilliant edge, departing from the liquid sound identified with Fazola. And his vibrato (perhaps Fountain's most individual characteristic) took on a markedly pre-Fazolian quiver, rapid enough to reveal his roots in traditional jazz

but without the annoying tremble of many of the early New Orleans clarinetists.

It is not paradoxical that Fountain should have shifted from the smoothly hewn Fazola style to a more assertive expression. Pete's earlier dedication to Fazola was not based on a happy meeting of musical sensibilities but on the simple fact that Fazola was the city's leading clarinetist and Fountain was a young musician in search of an idol.

Fazola was basically a cool musician (that term is applicable to Fazola as it is to Bix Beiderbecke), and his easeful approach could only be superficially imitated by one who did not share his essentially relaxed musical temperament. Fountain is a hot clarinetist, and he could not have remained in the Fazolian mold permanently without denying his natural propensity to play a more brusque, virile style.

As the Six popularity continued to grow, the onceinevitable appositive "Little Faz" appeared less and less frequently after Pete's name; after a while it disappeared completely.

His popularity and musical development encouraged him to put his talent to a test in a more challenging context. He opened at the Famous Door with a quartet called Pete Fountain and His Three Coins. "I liked the freedom of the quartet," he recalled. "The job with the Coins influenced my decision later to work with a small combination."

my decision later to work with a small combination." The general insecurity of the music scene in New Orleans, however, prompted him to go on tour briefly with the Assuntos, who had achieved considerable success as the Dukes of Dixieland. He returned to New Orleans when his second child, Kevin, was born. Unwilling to leave town again and concerned about the uncertainty of making a living as a musician in New Orleans, he put down his clarinet and took a job with a pest-control firm, along with Al Hirt, the trumpeter, who then also was plagued with problems of sustenance.

Fountain soon was working weekends with Hirt at Dan's International Club on Bourbon St. And before long, a call from Lawrence Welk changed the course of his career.

Welk had been looking for a Dixie clarinetist for his weekly television shows. Welk's son, a long-time Dixieland record collector, told him of a New Orleans clarinetist who had recorded with the Basin Street Six. Welk's offer was attractive enough to convince Fountain that it was well worth leaving his job with the pest-control company.

Fountain attributes the present success of his club directly to his tenure with Welk. "Let's face it," he mused, "when you're exposed to an audience the size of Welk's for two years, you're bound to reach a lot of people."

While performing on the Welk show, Fountain was able to function as a jazzman as such for three nights a week at the Mardi Gras Lounge in Orange County, Calif., with drummer Jack Sperling, pianist Stan Wrightsman, and bassist Morty Corb. The Mardi Gras job reaffirmed his conviction that the clarinet-and-rhythm group was the most effective vehicle for his talent.

During Fountain's stay on the West Coast, his allegiance to Benny Goodman became apparent. He had long claimed Goodman as an influence but had never functioned in a musical climate that allowed the fuller development of this aspect of his style.

Yet, careless comparisons to Goodman would be even less warranted than the earlier comparisons to Fazola. Pete's admitted technical limitations and his tendency to juxtapose various influences without assimilating them suggests that the reverence with which he mentions Goodman's name is justifiably the deference of a duke before the king.

OUNTAIN is in adamant disagreement with those who feel that his association with Welk was a prostitution of his talent. He said he feels that jazz has benefited

by being offered to the layman in a palatable form on the Welk program.

"It's true that jazz was something Welk threw in to increase his audience," Fountain observed. "But a lot of people who never liked jazz before heard it on his program and said, 'You know, that's not so bad after all.'

The itch to return to his home finally brought the clarinetist back to New Orleans in spring of 1959 to fulfill his long-time dream of opening his own club.

The group he organized in New Orleans reflects the liberality that prompted him to associate with musicians like Sperling and bassist Don Bagley on the West Coast. It consists of Berklee alumnus Dave West, piano; Paul Guma (an accomplished clarinetist in a Goodman-DeFranco mold), guitar; Lowell Miller, an unabashedly modern bassist; Paul Edwards, a drummer from Ohio who has played with every major Dixieland group in the city.

"I feel that using musicians from all schools gives me wider scope," Fountain said. "And they give the group a kind of swing that you can't really call 'Dixieland.' It isn't modern, it isn't Dixie, and it isn't exactly swing. I just like to call it 'swinging music.'"

The clarinetist's departure from head-for-the-hills-on-thelast-chorus Dixie has proved to be a commercial as well as a musical asset. Welkians who would be jarred by the blockbusting Dixie groups find the disciplined Fountain quintet thoroughly refreshing. Fountain's audiences are a testimony to the universality of his appeal; during a single set one can find jazz fans, college students, businessmen, middle-aged couples, and elderly patrons—undoubtedly the most heterogeneous audience in town.

Fountain sees in his present success a starting point as much as a culmination. He contends that his style is still developing and gives hope that the variety of influences that constitute it will coalesce. He confesses a wide-eyed fascination with the big-band scene and said he hopes, someday, to lead a big band on a tour of one-nighters.

In the meantime, Fountain will continue to operate from his home base on Bourbon St., depending on sporadic tours and recordings to "remind the public that I'm still here."

For the foreseeable future, the bearded clarinetist has little to fear about slipping the public's mind. A reminder to look up Pete Fountain while in New Orleans is as superfluous as a suggestion to take note of the Mississippi River.



November 23, 1961 • 21

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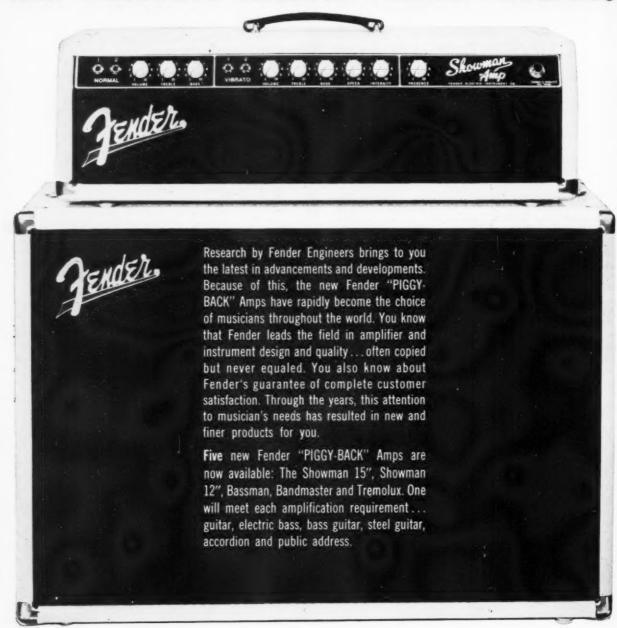
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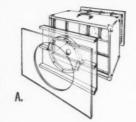
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Records are reviewed by Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Ira Gitler, Barbara Gardner, Don Henahan, Frank Kofsky, Bill Mathieu, John A. Tynan, Pete Welding, Martin Williams, and John S. Wilson. Reviews are initialed by the writers.

Ratings are: * * * * * excellent, * * * very good, * * good, * * fair, * poor.

JAZZ



Donald Byrd

DONALD BYRD AT THE HALF NOTE CAFE, VOL. 1—Blue Note 4060: My Girl Shirl; Soullul Kiddy; A Portrait of Jennie: Cecile; The

Personnel: Byrd, trumpet; Pepper Adams, bari-tone saxophone; Duke Pearson, piano; Laymon Jackson, bass; Lex Humphries, drums.

Rating: * * *

This album seems to have been cut before the Byrd-Adams group had jelled into the excellent small band it was at the beginning of the year, the group that made the fine Warwick album released this summer. Here, while the solos, Adams' in particular, are of a high level, the cohesion the group displayed on the Warwick releaseand in other appearances—is absent.

The best track is Cecile, a sorrowfulsounding Byrd original. Each soloist improvises first in minor key, and then, as a leavening, in major. Adams sculptures a granite-edged solo that succeeds in retaining the somberness of the theme in the minor portion and masterfully relieves the heaviness in the shorter, affirmative major

Byrd also solos well on this track, paraphrasing the theme in part during the pleading first section. But whereas Adams contrasts the minor and major sections, Byrd continues in a reflective manner in the major.

Both horn men do well by Pearson's Shirl, but again Adams is more successful in his solo than Byrd. The baritonist, in contrast to most of his work in album, plays on this track with an urgency that takes the form of cascading notes and undulating scale runs.

Pearson plays with taste throughout, much of his work simple and basic, always to the point. Jackson's most effective playing is in the minor sections of Cecile.

All in all, though, the Byrd-Adams quintet is capable of more than it shows on this "live" record. (D.DeM.)

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Buck Clayton-Buddy Tate

BUCK Chayton-buddy fate BUCK AND BUDDY — Prestige/Swingville 2017: High Life; When a Woman Loves a Man; Thon Swell; Can't We Be Friends?; Birdland Betty; Kansas City Nights. Personnel: Clayton, trumpet; Tate, tenor axcophone: Sir Charles Thompson, piano; Gene Ramey, bass; Mousie Alexander, drums.

Rating: * * * 1/2

A well-chosen swing group is heard here playing competently but, except for Tate, without communicating much sense

of interest.

Clayton is crisp and clean but only on his showcase piece, Woman Loves a Man, does he seem to dig in and extend himself at all. Thompson, once a vitally swinging pianist, chomps along pleasantly but without stirring up much enthusiasm.

Tate, on the other hand, moves in with a walloping attack that seems even more commanding than it otherwise might because of the routine attitude of the other soloists. Tate's tone is lustily dark and swaggering, and he builds with a deliberate steadiness that sometimes takes on imposing qualities.

The rhythm section is consistently helpful, largely because of Ramey's surg-

ingly propulsive bass.

There are merits to being unpretentious, which this set is, but unpretentiousness can be carried too far, as is demonstrated by these men. Except for Tate, who apparently didn't get the message. (J.S.W.)

Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis
AFRO-JAWS-Riverside 373: Wild Rice;
Gnanco Lament: Tin Tin Deo: Jazz-a Samba;
Alma Alegre; Star Eyes; Afro-Jaws.
Personnel: Davis, tenor saxophone: Clark Terry,
Ernie Royal and Phil Sunkel or John Bello trumpets: Lloyd Mayers, piano; Larry Gales bass;
Ben Riley, drums: Roy Barreto, confa. honosa,
quinto; unidentified Latin percussion section.

Rating: * * *

The use of Latin rhythms, like that of a string section, can heighten a jazz musician's inspiration or can simply be another gimmick.

There is no gimmickry here. Afro-Cuban percussion adds another dimension to the jazz rhythm section and maintains a crisp driving swing throughout. This, coupled with the use of three trumpets for background punctuation, provides Davis with a background that is just unfamiliar enough to be challenging.

And as for Jaws, he responds beautifully, combining taste with virility; I think he is heard to as much advantage here as anyplace. He is impassioned on the two blues, Wild Rice and Afro-Jaws, funky on the 3/4-time Alma Alegre (some interesting rhythms here), and tender as only a mature man can be on the introduction to Star Eyes, which is subsequently taken in a manner reminiscent of the Charlie Parker version.

A minor quibble might be raised over the extended rhythm solo passages. Other

than that, this is an uncomplicated but thoroughly pleasing LP. (F.K.)

Miles Davis

IN PERSON, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY
NIGHTS—Columbia 820: Walkin'; Bye. Bye.
Blackbird: All of Yon: No Blues; Bye. Bye.
Love, I've Found Yon: Well. You Needu':
Fran-Dance: So What?; Oleo: If I Were a Bell;

Neo.
Personnel: Davis, trumpet; Hank Mobley, tenor suxophone; Wynton Kelly, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Jimmy Cobb, drums.

Rating: * * * *

These tracks were recorded at the Black Hawk in San Francisco. I am reviewing them as a two-record set, but each LP is available singly, as Friday Night, consisting of the first six titles above, and Saturday Night, the last six.

The recording is generally very good except that, to my ears, Davis' intimately close-miked sound is on the verge of distortion (without quite making it) on Fran-Dance and Bell. One other flaw is also apparently technical, a decided drop in tempo between Davis' opening solo in All of Me, and Kelly's portion—a tape splice, it would seem.

When Davis is good here, he is good indeed, and the only places where I think he is not really good are on Fran-Dance, on which his lower register clouds up and he gets repeatedly hung on a single lick. a cliché in fact, which he somehow never executes cleanly. And more or less the same idea hangs him on Blackbird, though only briefly. Those are the only places where fluffs bothered me as such. Also, I have never thought much of Fran-Dance (Put Your Little Foot Right In) as material, and this seems to be a rather diffuse performance of it.

This visit to All of You also seems diffuse; Davis' first solo brings up some good ideas but never really finds its direction. His return at the end rebuilds things ex-

cellently, however.

On All of Me. Kelly is good. He tries for less than Davis, of course, but his playing has direct organization. I think that, next to Davis, Kelly is the soloist here. I particularly admire the way he has fallen into a somewhat preassigned, Jamal-ish role in this group. Even when his ideas are not exceptional, they are usually good, and he always delivers them with personal force and conviction. He has an interesting solo on Oleo, with good variety of phrasing, fleetly delivered, and his solo on Bell is marred only by some rather predictable phrase lengths that he employs toward the

However, I confess I can make little out of I've Found You, which features Kelly alone. Granted that it is very well done, such an out-of-tempo version of a pop tune, confined to a one-chorus statement with a few embellishments and some altered chords, seems to me to belong under the conversation in a chic cocktail lounge,

no matter how well done.

Mobley is capable but the weakest soloist in this company. When Kelly lays out behind him on the very fast Walkin', for example, his time seems to falter. My first impression of Walkin' was that it was an impatient version, played fast through the boredom of having to answer the request for a hit record night after night. It is not; Davis is on top of the tempo, and he plays very good blues of his own special kind, with a wonderful climax to his solo. And if there is one lesson that his phrasing could teach, it is that one needn't clutter up a solo with notes at any tempo, that if one concentrates on melody and continuity, his lines can be simple, his pauses eloquent.

I don't want to belabor the point, but Mobley runs clichés on Blackbird, including some out of Sonny Rollins, and on So What, which is built on two scales rather than chords, one is soon conscious of the underlying mechanical framework during

Mobley's episode.

On Neo, Mobley is emotionally compelling from the first, but before he is through, he has played almost all those flamencan phrases that usually show up on the sound tracks of pictures about bullfighters.

On that same Neo, which is more or less out of Sketches of Spain, Davis is eloquent, almost as movingly eloquent as he was on Saeta-and that means that he is almost as eloquent as any jazz musician is likely to get. The materials of Neo are very simple, and the temptations to run "Spanish" clichés or fall into a monotony of sound, melody, or emotion are enormous. Davis gives in to them not at all.

I was fascinated by Blackbird. Davis' theme statement has become a tantalizing, suggestive sketch of the original. There is an effective little modulation now, and the trumpeter's variations are better here than on any version of this piece I have ever heard him play. He also has new ideas on Bell. I did feel, however, that Oleo has become a bit too fast for its own good.

No Blues has a medium funky line, taken at almost perfect tempo for the melody and the kind of variations that Davis comes up with. His emotional range in this performance is something to hear, all the way from his own version of simple earthiness through the kind of blues lyricism at which Miles Davis is unique and including some humorous, "corny," on-the-beat licks en route.

Best of all, for me, is this fast version of Well, You Needn't. I have not heard such sprightly, nearly breathless, and original rhythmic interest from Davis since that superb solo on Boplicity. I play his section of Well, You Needn't in delight and almost in disbelief. I shall remember his ideas there and on Blackbird, and his eloquent speech on Neo, for a long time.

I hear a lot of people in this man's work. Foremost I hear him, unmistakably. I also hear Lester Young, I hear Freddy Webster, and I hear ideas of Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker transmuted and put to such very different use that they are almost unrecognizable.

I hear a personal use of sound that also sometimes suggests that Davis is trying to reinterpret the whole range of sound of the Duke Ellington trumpets of 1939-Cootie Williams' plunger and Rex Stewart's halfvalves-in a highly personal way, or a simply open or Harmon-muted horn. But more than anyone else, after Davis himself, I hear Louis Armstrong. There, I said it. I said it only for this reason:

Several people have tried to describe the emotion they hear in Miles Davis. It has been called effete lyricism, forceful lyricism, ecstasy. One man says that he hears in it nothing but defeat and despair. Another hears the whining and complaining of a disgruntled child. For me there is, beneath the sophistication and the thorough transmutation, the same kind of exuberant, humorous, committed, self-determined, and forceful joy in Miles Davis that there is in Louis Armstrong. (M.W.)

Teddy Edwards-Howard McGhee

TOGETHER AGAIN!—Contemporary 3588: Together Again; You Stepped out of a Dream; Up There; Perhaps; Misty; Sandy.
Personnel: McGhee, trumpet; Edwards, tenor saxophone; Phineas Newborn Jr., piano; Ray Brown, bass; Ed Thigpen, drums.

Rating * * * * 1/2

This is the Howard McGhee record a lot of us have been waiting for. The reasons for his absence from the jazz scene in recent years are personal and need not concern us here, except to say this period was probably neccessary for McGhee to achieve the musical maturity he displays on this

In the mid-'40s, when bop was called bebop and was beginning to be accepted to some degree. McGhee seemed to be on every other record issued. Many of them were mediocre at best; few can stand comparison with some of sides cut under Dizzy Gillespie's name during the same period. And this seemed always to be McGhee's cross to hear: he burst upon jazz at about the same time as Gillespie and usually came second when the two trumpeters were compared.

Relistening to some of the early McGhee work, his faults of the time come clear; an excited way of playing that bordered on the frantic; a thin, piercing tone; a tendency to play too much. But a quality that shone through these faults was a keen melodic sense, a quality that made McGhee a musician of more than passing interest. This sometimes touching melodic conception has remained with him. He still does not have the fullest tone imaginable, though it certainly has more depth now than it did 16 years ago, and, at times, in this album he gets caught up in too many notes, but the franticism of old has been muted and his most precious gift-melodic originality-has been brought to the fore.

It would be difficult to choose the tracks on which he plays best, but I found bits and pieces of his Together and Dream solos popping into my consciousness at odd moments. Especially hard to get out of mind was the phrase he uses in his Dream break. Nor should the care and delicacy with which McGhee shapes all his solos go with-

Perhaps McGhee is as compelling as he is on this record because of the men he is working with.

Edwards is in good form, except for an out-of-tune Misty, his feature track. He has a way of varying his tone that is quite

down beat's

For the benefit of record buyers, Down Beat provides a listing of jazz, reissue, and vocal LPs rated four stars or more during the preceding five-issue period.

readers may check albums they are interested in.
* * * *
The Greatest of Dizzy Gillespie (reissue) (RCA Victor 2398)
A Study in Frustration—The Fletcher Henderson Story (reissue)
(Columbia C4L 19)
Robert Pete Williams (vocal), Free Again (Prestige/Bluesville 1026
* * * * ½
Ray Charles, The Genius after Hours (Atlantic 1369)
This Is Walt Dickerson (Prestige/New Jazz 8254)
Benny Golson, Gettin' with It (Prestige/New Jazz 8248)
A Date with the Mastersounds (Fantasy 3316)
Joe Newman, Good 'n' Groovy (Prestige/Swingville 2019)
North Texas Lab Band (90th Floor Records 904)
Charlie Parker, Bird Is Free (Charlie Parker 401)
* * * *
Art Blakey, A Night in Tunisia (Blue Note 4049)
Booker Ervin, That's It! (Candid 8014)
Dexter Gordon, Doin' Allright (Blue Note 4077)
Gigi Gryce, Reminiscin' (Mercury 20628)
The Chico Hamilton Special (Columbia 1619)
Percy Humphries, Crescent City Joynakers (Riverside 378)
The Jazztet and John Lewis (Argo 684)
Dave Newman, Straight Ahead (Atlantic 1366)
B. K. Turner, (vocal) Black Ace (Arhoolie 1003)
Various Artists, The Birdland Story (Roulette RB-2)
Lem Winchester, With Feeling (Prestige/Moodsville 11)

Phil Woods, Rights of Swing (Candid 8016)

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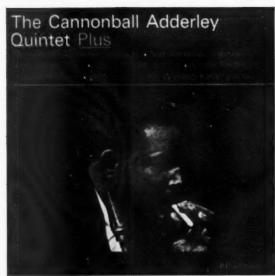
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Here he comes again... Cannonball Adderley, that is, with another big album on Riverside!

It's the latest release by the most exciting, soaring group in jazz today—an album with a lot of *plus* values for you. For one thing, there's the remarkable Vic Feldman doubling on piano and vibes, which also means lots of room for the piano of guest artist Wynton Kelly. There's that good, down-home Adderley feeling, plus the lyrical-swinging sound of this brilliantly close-knit band. There are great new originals (like Arriving Soon and Winetone), plus great versions of favorites like Straight No Chaser and Star Eyes. All crammed into one burstingly musical package. THE CANNONBALL ADDERLEY QUINTET PLUS (RLP 388; Stereo 9388)

Also on Riverside are these other hit LPs by the quintet: CANNONBALL ADDERLEY QUINTET IN SAN FRANCISCO (RLP 311; Stereo 1157) CANNONBALL ADDERLEY QUINTET AT THE LIGHTHOUSE (RLP 344; Stereo 9344) THEM DIRTY BLUES (RLP 322; Stereo 1170) And Cannonball's other sensational albums: AFRICAN WALTZ—by the 19-piece orchestra (RLP 377; Stereo 9377) CANNONBALL AND THE POLLWINNERS—with Ray Brown, Wes Montgomery (RLP 355; Stereo 9355) THINGS ARE GETTING BETTER—with Milt Jackson (RLP 286; Stereo 1128) ... and 45-rpm singles: AFRICAN WALTZ/KELLY BLUE (45-457) THE UPTOWN/SOMETHING DIFFERENT (4501) SACK O'WOE, Parts 1 and 2 (45-454) THIS HERE, Parts 1 and 2 (45-432)

RIVERSIDE RECORDS

fetching; the tone color changes within a solo, producing a striking pattern of light and shade.

Some musicians are able to give the impression that they are playing faster and more complexly than they actually are, but Edwards gives the opposite impression: he seems to be playing at a slower pace and more simply than he is-the product of relaxation and good time.

I had not heard Newborn in some time. The impression I had formed of him was that of a lightning fast, exceptionally precise player who rarely scratched the surface of emotion. His work on this album was a more-than-pleasant surprise. He seems to have tamed his amazing facility and turned it into a means to an end, the end being emotional depth, presented usually in a framework of sharp, angular phrases. His introduction to Up There is breathtaking. Only on Sandy does he falter, sometimes going off on tangents. On Together Newborn uncorks a series of choruses that seem to inspire Brown, who follows in solo order, to play a tumbling, snarling solo, a kind of playing not often heard from Brown.

Brown is strong throughout. His accompaniment to Edwards' Misty is the outstanding thing on that otherwise weak track.

But Brown is not the whole rhythm section; Thigpen turns in one of his best jobs on record, never getting in the way but always playing just the right thing at just the right time.

An exceptional record. (D.DeM.)

Willis Jackson

REALLY GROOVIN'—Prestige 7196: Careless Love: Oatmeal; I Remember Clifford; A Twist of Blues; Sweet Peter Charleston; Again; He Said, She Said, I Said; Girl of My Dreams.

Personnel: Jackson, tenor saxophone; Jimmy leeley or Richard Wyands, piano; Wendell Jarshall or Peck Morrison, bass; Gus Johnson r Mickey Roker, drums; Juan Amalbert, conga Marshall or

Jackson is from the school of honkers bred during and after World War II, and, like many from that group, has a capacity for inventive melody that has been hidden for years behind a facade of squeaks and honks. Here his horn has emerged from this facade, and if he shows at times an inclination for clichés, he also reveals a beautiful sound.

Jackson is very good on the ballad tracks, but he shines brightest on the medium-tempo tunes. An impressive facet of his performances on theseespecially Peter and He Said-is the way he lets an idea introduce a new phase to his improvisation, whether it be at the beginning or somewhere in the middle of a chorus, which he develops with satisfying logic. The fleeting stream of boplike 16th notes and the altered flavor of the subsequent phrases late in Jackson's long chorus on Peter is an example

Jackson has fine accompaniment. Prestige has botched the personnel data listing, but I believe Wyands is on only Girl, where he has a good chorus. Bassist Marshall is probably on all the tracks except Girl. His clean, precise marks are much in evidence. (G.M.E.)

Ahmad Iamal

AHMAD JAMAL'S ALHAMBRA-Argo 685: AHMAD JAMAL'S ALHAMBKA—Argo 085; We Kiss in a Shadow; Sweet and Lovely; The Party's Over; Love for Sale; Snow Fall; Broad-way; Willow, Weep for Me; Autumn Leaves; Isn't It Romantic?; The Breeze and I. Personnel: Jamal, piano; Israel Crosby, bass; Vernell Fournier, drums.

Rating: * * * 1/2

Of its kind, this is a distinctly superior disc. But the difficulty is that its aim is so routine that, even at best, it is only of moderate interest.

The Jamal formula is presented at a top level here. His highly mannered playing is lustrously polished, clean, and warmly rhythmic, and he gets his customary strong support from Crosby and Fournier. Yet, in the end, this is only one step removed from background music -music that has just enough swinging guts to serve as accompaniment to slightly more purposeful pursuits than mass con-(J.S.W.) versation.

Jazz Crusaders

THE JAZZ CRUSADERS—Pacific Jazz 27: The Geek; M. J. S. Funk; That's It; Freedom Sound; Theme from Exodous; Coon.
Personnel: Wilton Felder, tenor saxophone; Wayne Henderson, trombone; Roy Gaines, guitar; Joe Sample, piano; Jimmy Bond, bass; Nesbert Honger, deums. Hooper, drun

Rating: * * * *

By a fluke, I was at the second of the two sessions that went into this LP. I was gassed when I first heard the Crusaders, and I am pleased to report the record confirms my initial impression. (However, you may wish to temper these views with the facts, as told to me by a couple of the Crusaders themselves, namely that critics are always wrong and should be read only for laughs.)

The Crusaders have to be rated with the MJT + 3 as one of the outstanding new groups made up of younger musicians. Bond and Gaines-the latter on tracks 1 and 4-are not regulars but were added for the date. Barely out of their teens, they nonetheless play, for the most part, with the assurance of more mature men.

Moreover, they can write; all of the tunes save the Exodus theme came from within the band. At least one, Felder's That's It, is genuinely deserving of the title "original." This, coupled with their long-time association, allowed them to build a repertoire and group sound that grabs and hold your attention. Even the obligatory gesture in the direction of fundamentalism, The Geek, is above average in interest.

It takes only half a dozen notes to tell that Felder is a Texan, so heavily is he in that David Newman-Curtis Amy groove. There is an almost-hysterical edge in his tone that, were it a bit more pronounced, might be annoying. As it is, it just lifts you right out of your chair. He is the group's major solo voice.

Henderson's trombone is generally in the J. J. Johnson tradition but with just the right hint of racousness to provide Felder with the proper complement.

Though he has been listening to Wynton Kelly (and what young pianist has not?),

If you haven't voted . . .

vone!

(Final Readers Poll Ballot on page 56)

among others, Sample seems well on the way to achieving an identity.

Hooper is a tasty drummer, and together with Bond, he provides a solid rhythmic base. Speaking of Bond, one would never guess that he wasn't a bona fide Crusader: not only does he know all of the pieces, but he also leads the soloist in the manner that distinguishes a first-rate bass player from just a good one.

Quincy Jones

Quincy Jones

AROUND THE WORLD—Mercury 6014: Hot
Sake; Strike Up the Band; Africana; Meadow.
lands; Rico Vacilon; Under Paris Skies; Mack the
Knife; Manolete de Espana; Bala; Come Back to
Sorrento; Dear Old Stockholm.
Personnel: Big band including Clark Terry, Ernie
Royal, Benny Bailey, trumpets; Curtis Fuller,
trombone; Julius Watkins, French horn; Phil
Woods, Eric Dixon, Jerome Richardson, reeds;
Patti Bown, piano; Don Arnone, guitar; Don
Elliott, xylophone; Stu Martin, Jimmy Crawford,
Tito Puente, Potato Valdes, Michael Olatunji,
percussion. Other personnel unidentified.

Rating: * * *

As a display of sonic excitement, these are tremendously effective performances, brilliantly recorded.

But this disc is apparently aimed only superficially at the jazz audience, for though there are brief bits of valid jazz soloing here and there by Terry, Woods, and Bailey, these are primarily lushly voiced atmospheric arrangements. Bandleader Jones and the engineers have got glistening presence into these recordings, and there is a constant sense of vitality about them. This, plus the stimulation of the jazz injections, places this set several cuts above the usual stereo-geared instrumental album.

In jazz terms, however, its offerings are (J.S.W.) limited.

Sam Jones

THE CHANT - Riverside 358: The Chant; our: Blues on Down; Sonny Boy; In Walked THE CHANT—Riverside 358: The Chant; Four; Blues on Down; Sonny Boy; In Walked Ray; Blue Bird: Over the Rainbow; Of-Color. Personnel: Jones, bass or cello; Nat Adderley, cornet; Blue Mitchell, trumpet; Melba Liston, trombone, Cannonball Adderley, alto saxophone; Jimmy Heath, tenor saxophone; Tate Houston, baritone saxophone: Wynton Kelly or Victor Feldman, piano; Feldman, vibes (tracks 4-7); Les Spann, guitar; Keter Betts, bass; Louis Hayes, drums.

Rating: Rating: * * * 1/2

One of the first things to say about this record is that the various lineups play with better intonation and more precision than some recent and, shall I say, comparable middle-sized studio bands organized by this label. I don't mean to imply perfection here—only great difference.

Some rather difficult passages are very well phrased, especially by the brass. Four is played with exactly the right pace, with everyone caught up in its compelling momentum.

It seems to me that bass players (and cellists) have a very special problem as

I don't mean with the obvious ones of the sound and volume of their instruments, but that, even more than horn players, they have difficulty projecting emotional presence and authority.

Certainly, Charlie Mingus is a commanding soloist besides being a commanding bass player. So was Oscar Pettiford. So, for me, is Pops Foster. More recently Wilbur Ware has shown himself to be the kind of bass soloist who can reduce the squarist audience to d together rhythmic uld never Crusader; pieces, but anner that ayer from (F.K.)

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Jazzland is the label with



(*Strictly Good News for those who love swinging, hard-hitting jazz of all kinds) For example, here are four SGN new releases:









BIG CHIEF! JUNIOR MANCE TRIO

Another brilliantly soul-stirring album by the sensational young pianist—1961's top New Star. (JLP 53; Stereo 953)

FATS NAVARRO WITH THE TADD DAMERON BAND

Notable late-40's sides featuring the trumpet immortal—first volume in Jazzland's "Classics of Modern Jazz" series. (JLP 50)

STARTING TIME: CLIFFORD JORDAN

Top young tenor really hits his stride, with all-star support: Kenny Dorham, Cedar Walton, Wilbur Ware. Albert Heath. (JLP 52; Stereo 952)

BOTTOM GROOVE: WILD BILL MOORE

Thoroughly blues-drenched cooker by the deep-down tenorman; with Johnny "Hammond" Smith on organ, Ray Barretto on conga. (JLP 54: Stereo 954)

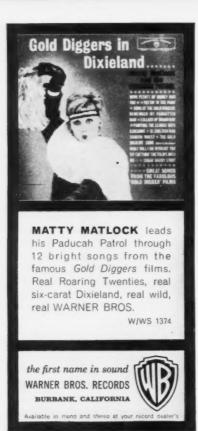
And dig these other recent SGN Jazzland LPs-

THELONIOUS MONK with John Coltrane (JLP 46; Stereo 946)

Naturally!: NAT ADDERLEY Quartets (JLP 47; Stereo 947)

Bright and Breezy: RED GARLAND Trio (JLP 48; Stereo 948) Free Form: JOE HARRIOTT Quintet (JLP 49; Stereo 949)

Griff & Lock: 'LOCKJAW' DAVIS—JOHNNY GRIFFIN Quintet (JLP 42; Stereo 942)





a hush of attention, and Charlie Haden seems to have something of that same quality. So did the late Scott LaFaro, whether or not he was being the startling technician.

But Ware, Haden, and La Faro have variously converted their instruments more or less into kinds of guitars. On the other hand, I confess that even Ray Brown does not have the command as a soloist that he has as a compelling member of a group. I do not mean that in several senses he is not a superb soloist; I do mean that I find myself attending the technique of his solos more than anything else. I listen to Sam Jones' solos in something of the same way that I hear Brown's.

To go back to Four, a Heath arrangement, it is a fine performance all around, with Mitchell displaying the dancing lyricism one hears in his best work. Heath at his best and Jones relaxed and fanciful. The next best arrangement is also Heath's, on Parker's Blue Bird, with Jones carrying the melody delightfully.

The tributes, to Pettiford on Sonny Boy and Brown on In Walked Ray, are respectful and good. Over the Rainbow, on the other hand, has Jones stalling around with some rather ordinary ideas before he gets going.

Footnotes: Cannonball has a calmly well-constructed solo on Blues on Down, and Victor Feldman's The Chant might be described as the kind of "soul" piece that, according to some thinking, Feldman would be unable to write. Finally, every time Feldman came in for a background on vibes, I found my attention perking (M.W.) up.

John Lewis

John Lewis

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF JAZZ —
Atlantic 1375: Body and Soul; I Should Care;
Two Degrees East; I Remember Clifford; Aftermoon in Paris.

Personnel: Track 1—Herb Pomeroy, trumpet;
Paul Gonsalves, tenor saxophone; Lewis, piano;
Jim Hall, guitar; George Duvivier, bass; Connie Kay, drums. Tracks 2-4—Lewis, piano; Hall,
guitar; Duvivier, bass; Kay, drums. Track 5—
Pomeroy, trumpet; Gunther Schuller, French
horn; Eric Dolphy, alto saxophone; Benny Golson, tenor saxophone; James Rivers, baritone
saxophone; Lewis, piano; Hall, guitar; Duvivier,
bass; Kay, drums.

Rating: ** ** ½*

Rating: * * * 1/2

The focus of this set is Lewis as pianist and composer, although, as will be noted, there are considerable variations in personnel and instrumentation.

The longest selection and the one that might be expected to set the tone for the collection and/or dominate it-a 151/2minute version of Body and Soul-does neither.

It gives Gonsalves an opportunity to move out of the breathy emptiness of most of his solos with Duke Ellington and presents Pomeroy in the unaccustomed role (on records) of a blowing soloist. But neither of these men, nor Hall or Lewis, can compensate for its inordinate length.

Lewis and Hall are heard to much better advantage on Two Degrees and Clifford, which are more compact and to the point.

Afternoon in Paris, a Lewis composition that grows on one with every hearing, gets a particularly attractive treatment in this arrangement for a group that is somewhat like the Miles Davis "Birth of the Cool" nonet.

Barring some of the barren stretches of Body and Soul, this is what might be described as very comfortable jazz-satisfying in what is by now a traditional (J.S.W.)

Al Sears

SWING'S THE THING — Prestige/Swingville 2018: Moving Out; Record Hop; Take-off Road; Already All Right; In a Mellow Tone; Out of Nowhere; Ain't No Use; The Thrill Is Gone. Personnel: Sears, tenor suxophone; Don Abney, piano; Wally Richardson, guitar; Wendell Marshall, bass; Joe Marshall, drums.

Rating: * *

Nothing much happens in this set, and the proceedings are conducted with almost sedate decorum by the former Ellington tenorist "who can be danced to or listened to with great enjoyment, regardless of what era you happen to favor," according to Joe Goldberg's notes.

The most that can be said for the album is that is is a pleasant dance set of the type of fare one might hear during dinner at a not-so-square hotel.

Sears plays the entire set to formula: melody line played straight with the most minor of variations, reprise of melody, and out. Abney and Richardson are heard in a few fairly subdued solos; other than that, Sears' strong, big-toned tenor dominates.

There's a minimum of jazz invention attempted, although what is played is performed well. (J.A.T.)

Horace Silver

DOIN' THE THING—Blue Note 4076: Filthy McNasty; Doin' the Thing; Kiss Me Right; The Gringo; The Theme.

Personnel: Blue Mitchell, trumpet; Junior Cook, tenor saxophone; Silver, piano; Gene Taylor, bass; Roy Brooks, drums. Rating: * * * 1/2

This disc preserves a good slice of the Silver quintet's first location recording, made at New York's Village Gate. There is no appreciable difference in quality or nature between its work here and that of its recent studio sessions—a statement that may be taken several ways.

It is a tribute to the fine group unity the five have developed over the last three years (all save drummer Brooks have been together that long) that there has been no loss of power or cohesiveness in the transfer from studio to club recording; quite simply, there is no real difference in approach involved.

It likewise should be apparent that this is yet another blowing date in the churning, blistering style pioneered by funkmaster Silver more than six years ago. It is truly striking how little the approach has changed in its basic contours in that time. Still, there has been a loss of vitality over the years. As the music has become progressively more frenetic, it has correspondingly become greatly formulized and cliché-ridden.

One has but to listen to the earliest Silver quintet collection available—Blue Note 1518, with Kenny Dorham, Hank Mobley, Doug Watkins, and Art Blakeyfor a vivid illustration. The nucleus of Silver's present style is there; but also there is a great deal of subtlety, light-handed wit, restraint, and a sense of adventureall of which, by and large, have disaproup that is "Birth

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CANNONBALL

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peared in the descendent, perhaps an inevitable toll of popular acceptance.

All of which is not to say that this is not a pleasant collection. It is, yet one feels that he's heard it all before. Mc-Nasty takes care of Silver's soul obligations, and it's at least inoffensive. The title tune is one of the more interesting tunes in the set. A minor blues delivered at breakneck tempo, it has some of Cook's hest tenor work to date, and Mitchell contributes a well-balanced, flaring solo. He has apparently jettisoned all traces of his Miles Davis-patterned approach for a wideopen, florid style of real power and individuality.

The slow-paced Kiss Me Right allows both horn men to build thoughtfully and solidly, with Mitchell especially delivering a graceful and discrete improvisation. The Gringo is the one tune in the album that comes closest to capturing some of humor, pungency, and adventurousness of some of the early Silver pieces; it's the most overtly bop-patterned tune here, for one thing. Drummer Brooks is a powerhouse throughout. (P.W.)

Sonny Stitt

SONNY STITT AT THE D. J. LOUNGE— Argo 683: McKie's; It All Depends on You; Blue Moon; Jay Tee; I'm in the Mood for Love; Free

Personnel: Stitt, alto, tenor saxophones; John Board, tenor saxophone; Edward Buster, organ; Joe Shelton, drums.

Rating: * * * 1/2

Sonny Stitt's widely recognized fluency is a sword that cuts two ways. It can be an instrument to convey passion, but equally it may serve, as I have sometimes felt to be the case, to disguise Stitt's lack of concern with what he happens to be playing at the moment.

There is a difference between Stitt on alto and on tenor that is relevant here. Playing the former, there is a tendency for him to come under the influence of Charlie Parker: long strings of Birdlike phrases roll out of his horn, each impeccably placed with respect to the rhythm and harmony, but the over-all effect being somewhat mechanical.

With the tenor-perhaps because it is a heavier, less maneuverable instrument than the alto, therefore demanding a style of its own-another Stitt emerges. Hearing the Stitt tenor at its best, e.g., with Dizzy Gillespie and Sonny Rollins on Sonny Side Up or on his own Personal Appearance LP, you will know why a whole generation of tenor saxophonists took one of their inspirations from him in founding what was subsequently labeled, not with complete accuracy, hard bop. For swing and guts this Stitt need yield to few, if any.

Here Stitt is paired with fellow hard tenor man Board at Chicago's McKie's Lounge, in what is primarily a tenor battle. Though the proceedings seem frenetic and the audience is obviously wailing along with the musicians, not all of the excitement has been transferred to the record, and the effect begins to pall by the end of the second side.

McKie's, a blues in the manner of the Sonny Rollins-John Coltrane Tenor Madness duet of a few years back, is the best of the lot.

Both horn men stretch and wail, without

relegating ideas to second place behind stamina. Evidently, both men have heard the Tenor Madness track, also. (On the chase choruses, it is Broad leading off; Stitt reserves the last few choruses for himself.)

Stitt is on alto for Depends on You, as he is for Mood for Love. His solo on the latter track is lyrical and refreshingly understated, even though he is competing with a talkative audience. Perhaps, like a somewhat more rotund alto saxophonist, Stitt has learned the value of restraint from working with Miles Davis.

Of the remaining originals, Jay Tee is a "rhythm" swinger on which you won't hear much that is new from Board, although Stitt is in excellent form. Free Chicken-if the name doesn't give it away-is an allthe-stops-out blues. (F.K.)

Various Artists

Various Artists
THINGS AIN'T WHAT THEY USED TO BE
—Prestige/Swingville SV 4001: Spring's Swing;
Love Me or Leave Me: Cool Sunrise; Jammin'
in Swingville; Things Ain't What They Used to
Be; Phoenis; I May Be Wrong; Vic's Spot; So
Glad; Years Ago; I Want to Be Happy.
Personnel: Tracks 1.4—Joe Newman, trumpet;
J. C. Higginbotham, trombone; Coleman Hawkins,
tenor saxophone; Hilton Jefferson, alto saxophone;
Jimmy Hamilton, clarinet; Claude Hopkins, piano;
Tiny Grimes, guitar; Wendell Marshall, bass;
Billy English, drums. Tracks 5-10—Joe Thomas,
trumpet; Vie Dickenson, trombone: Al Sears,
tenor saxophone; Buddy Tate, tenor saxophone;
larinet; Pee Wee Russell, clarinet; Cliff Jackson,
piano; Danny Barker, guitar; Joe Benjamin, bass;
J. C. Heard, drums. Track 11—Jackson, Benjamin, Heard.

Rating: * * * 1/2

It's a little puzzling to discover what is supposed to be so festive about this socalled swing festival album. The two groups heard on it are made up of musicians who, in most cases, have been heard to better advantage on other Prestige/ Swingville releases.

Russell and Hawkins, as might be expected, maintain a high degree of professionalism, and their solos are always positive, personal statements. Thomas (whose name is omitted from the personnel listing on the liner) is equally consistent, playing with highly effective simplicity and directness. On the only solo showcase in the set, Vic's Spot and I Want to Be Happy, Dickenson drops his casual air to build a warm, moving solo, and Jackson, on Happy, rides gaily through a stride-style solo.

But the bulk of the performances are routine and stereotyped, lacking any suggestion of festiveness. (J.S.W.)

Various Artists

MOTOR CITY SCENE—Bethlehem 6056: Stardust; Philson; Trio Libeccio; Bitty Ditty. Personnel: Pepper Adams, baritone saxophone; Donald Byrd, trumpet; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Hey Louis, drums. Hey Louis, drums

Rating: * * * 1/2

The personnel gives this one away: good modern jazz of the straight-aheadswinging variety, albeit a bit less dynamic than what we have come to expect from this crew.

Byrd is indebted for much of his approach to the late Clifford Brown; since Brownie's tragic death, Byrd has become, along with Lee Morgan, one of the major practitioners of this style. He is in fine form throughout this LP, and I would single out especially his first solo on Stardust as a model of the art of balladry.



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The influence of Clifford is most apparent

Adams, who does not solo on the first and last tracks, seems far from his usual intense self. Lethargic is possibly the only description for his solo on his own medium-tempo blues, Philson.

The scene-stealer, however, is Tommy Flanagan. Capable of fitting in beautifully with styles ranging from swing-mainstream to avant garde, his solo gems reflect even greater brilliance in a relaxed setting such as this.

VOCAL



Ray Charles-Betty Carter

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RAY CHARLES AND BETTY CARTER—ABC-Paramount 385: Ev'ry Time We Say Goodbye; You and 1; Intro: Goodbye; We'll Be Together Again; People Will Say We're in Lowe; Cocktails for Two; Side by Side; Baby, It's Cold Outside; Together; For All We Know; It Taku Two to Tango; Alone Together; Just You, Just Me.

Me.
Personnel: Charles, piano, vocals; Miss Carter,
vocals; David Newman, tenor saxophone; other
personnel unidentified.

Rating: * * 1/2

Material never has been a challenge to Charles, and this LP is no exception. He has consistently exhibited the ability to place any lyric or tune on his own singular level: unbridled emotion. Whether he is shrieking passionately or chanting in a breathless whisper, he is uniquely individual, handling his material as he feels it at the moment.

No other artist should be expected to react in perfect harmony with him. To force this unison can only result in a contrived, hit-and-miss marriage. There may be several hits on this album, but the misses are equally prevalent.

Anyone familiar with Betty Carter, B.C. (Before Charles) will recognize the tremendous sacrifice of talent and individuality this vocalist has made in the effort to make this date come off.

Miss Carter was one of the few jazz singers of the last decade. She used few gimmicks, a free vocalist who played with the changes of the tunes with artistry. At no time could she be accused of being annoyingly coy or cloyingly cute. But this was B.C.

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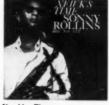
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complete and reliable publishing program: publicity, advertising, handsome books. Speedy, efficient service. Send for FREE manuscript report & copy of Publish Your Book. CARLTON PRESS Dept. D2L 84 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N. Y. establish the real defect of this album, for these are not two amateurs but fully developed vocalists-musicians.

Charles several times tries to break into his own personal mode of expression, and Miss Carter's plodding coquettishness steps all over him, as in Baby and Side by Side. Together really is not, for the same reason. But on this tune the band moves from the beginning, swinging excellently.

Miss Carter is closer to her normal style on Tango, which is a highlight of the album. Every Time begins well but steadily declines in conviction. For All We Know has a lush, full sound and is also one of the more successful tracks. musically. Charles has some fine, sensitive piano work on this tune.

The arrangements are good. Just You is exceptionally well voiced and executed. Charles is good but not as good as he is capable of being. Miss Carter has been much better. It is my hope that she will be again-soon. (B.G.)

Memphis Slim

NO STRAIN—Prestige/Bluesville 1031: Dorling, I Miss You So; You're Gonua Need My Help One Day; Fast and Free; My Baby Leh Me; Louesome Traveler; Angel Child; No Strain; Don't Think You're Smart; Raining the Blues; Lucille: Nice Stuff.

Personnel: Tracks 1-4—Slim, piano, vocals. Tracks 5, 6—Slim, piano, vocals; Harpie Brown, harmonica. Tracks 7-11—Slim, piano, vocals; Wendell Marshall, bass; Lafayette Thomas, guitar.

Rating: * * * 1/2 One result of the generally welcome attention that has recently come to blues men on records is that a few of them have been overrecorded to their eventual disadvantage-notably Slim and the team of Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry.

This set does Slim far more justice than a great many of his recent LPs. He is heard in a variety of contexts-as a piano soloist, pianist with rhythm. vocalist with piano accompaniment, vocalist with harmonica accompaniment, and vocalist with rhythm accompaniment.

Through it all, it is Slim's piano that is the consistent focal point, for he has a firm and expressive manner at the keyboard. He is also, but secondarily, a forthright and poignant singer with a big, open style. Easily the most interesting-and the most revealing-track is No Strain, a soaringly swinging instrumental piece, which has the light and easy walking swing of Count Basie and his rhythm section. Slim leaves behind his frequently heavy boogie-woogie figures (even though the notes suggest that you will find them in this piece), and Marshall lines out a superb set of big-toned bass figures that gives the piece substance, body, and mobility.

The same group also plays a pleasant, relaxed blues, Nice Stuff, which is largely devoted to an easygoing single-string guitar solo by Thomas. Slim shows off his strong boogie-woogie prowess on Fast and Free, a piano solo that is the third instrumental piece in the set.

(J.S.W.)

Tampa Red

DON'T TAMPA WITH THE BLUES—Pres-tige/Bluesville 1030: I'm a Stranger Hert; Louise: Let Me Play with Your Foodle; Good-bee, Baby: Things About Coming My Way:

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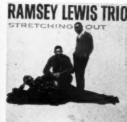
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Kansas City Blues; You Better Do Right; It's Tight Like That; You Got to Love Her with a Feeling; Boogie-Woogie Woman. Personnel: Red, vocals, guitar, kazoo.

Rating: * * * 1/2

Tampa Red's thin, high voice with its strong, insistent phrasing has been missing from records for a long time, and it is good to hear it again.

Tampa is not the kind of blues singer who grips the listener with his emotional attack or with primitivisms or with an overwhelmingly powerful rhythm or with deep-rooted poignancy. He is almost diffident as he sings and strums his guitar, occasionally throwing in a brief kazoo solo, yet he weaves a hypnotic spell that slowly but inevitably pulls the listener in.

Because his past reputation has been based to some extent on such doubleentendre pieces as Tight Like That and Poodle, there is some emphasis on this side of his work, but this is pretty thin stuff no matter how you look at it. On the other hand, with good blues material -Louise or Goodbye, Baby-Tampa is a warm, expressive blues singer whose relaxed, easy way has an undeniable charm. (J.S.W.)

Joe Williams-Harry Edison

TOGETHER-Roulette 52069: Winter Weather; I Don't Know Why; There's a Small Hotel;
Out of Nowhere; Aren't You Glad You're You?;
Remember; Together; Deep Purple; Always;
Lover, Come Back to Me; By the River Sainte
Marie; Alone Together.

Personnel: Williams, vocals; Edison, trumpet; ir Charles Thompson, piano. Remaining personnel unidentified.

Rating: * * *

This is Joe Williams, the blues singer, tottering between being a balladeer and a pop singer. He is, first, an exceptional vocalist, and this fact saves the album from sheer mediocrity. One should be able to look to the addition of Edison for jazz solace. For the few parts he plays, he does provide just that. The passages are too short and far apart to justify describing them as a real, over-all contribution.

Usually, Williams has the good taste to use writers and arrangers who can provide the solid, full, enveloping background that shows off his strong voice to good advantage. If he used these writers on this date, they failed him. The arrangements are Broadwayish, trite. They leave virtually no room for Edison; neither is Williams given anything more challenging than hitting and ending on the beat.

Within these confines, both veteran performers make the tired standards live a little. Edison is his sweetest in his opening, muted passage of I Don't Know Why. He falls in behind when Joe comes in, and the two present a convincing rendition of the tune.

Lover is given the closest thing to a full jazz treatment, and much of the spark and fire of "Basie Joe" is in evidence here.

Either Williams was bothered by a virus or he is beginning to develop just a touch of a nasal twang. Aren't You Glad? and Winter Weather particularly show this in the usually overly articulate vocalist.

Withal, this album is a pleasant and relaxed date by Williams. Edison is icing on the cake. (B. G.)



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ASES





By LEONARD FEATHER

I once wrote, in a review of the history of the *Blindfold Test*, that only two artists had ever refused to submit to the interview. They were Benny Carter and Frank Sinatra.

In Sinatra's case I only heard thirdhand that he was leery of sticking his neck out, but with Carter it was a simpler matter. He had been so busy, tied up with Hollywood studio work, that he hadn't been able to keep track of the present scene, and presumably might have made a few inaccurate guesses. In addition there was an implied unwillingness to make derogatory remarks that could turn out to have been unwittingly directed at persons he knew and liked.

After I had convinced Carter that the guessing part of the Blindfold Test is secondary, that the opinions are what really matter and that no true friend would be offended by an honestly expressed constructive opinion, he took a Blindfold Test. The results, as I expected, reflected Benny's maturity and experience, not just as saxophonist-trumpeter-composer-arrangeretc., but also as a keen observer with interesting views on a wide variety of jazz styles. Benny was given no information about the records played.

 Duke Ellington. Anitra's Dance (from Peer Gynt Suites Nos. 1 & 2, Columbia). Ellington, piano; Billy Strayhorn, arranger; Johnny Hodges, alto saxophone; Paul Gonsalves, tenor saxophone; Jimmy Hamilton, clarinet. Of course, I recognized it as Anitra's Dance and the Duke Ellington Orchestra. A very good arrangement—probably Billy Strayhorn's—interesting solos by Johnny Hodges and Paul Gonsalves, some very

nice clarinet by Jimmy Hamilton, as usual.

A lot of the classics lend themselves greatly to jazz interpretation and treatment, and when it's done like this, I like it very much. Four stars.

 Al Hirt. Out of Nowhere (from The Greatest Horn in the World, RCA Victor). Hirt, trumpet; Henry Rene, arranger.

Well, that is certainly a new one on me. I like it very much. Gee, could that have been Clifford Brown? It was very, very well played. Improvisations were not overdone, as is the wont of many of the younger players today, who just go wild with notes. This was very tasty.

The arrangement was nice, and one complemented the other. The trumpeter was at home in all of the registers. He has great flexibility. I want to run right out and buy this record. I'll give it four stars.

 Quincy Jones. The Midnight Sun Will Never Set (from 1 Dig Dancers, Mercury). Jones, composer, arranger; Phil Woods, alto saxophone.

That I liked very much. I have this album at home. Phil Woods does a wonderful job there, and this is the first record I'm going to give this rating—because of that wonderful alto solo—five stars. Which, of course, takes nothing away from the over-all thing, including Quincy's delightful composition and arrangement, but Phil played just beautifully on it.

 Ben Webster. Nancy (from The Warm Moods, Reprise). Webster, tenor saxophone; Johnny Richards, arranger; Armond Kaproff, cello; Cecil Figelski, viola; Alfred Lustgarten, Lisa Minghetti, violins.

Ben Webster! There's no sound like Ben Webster's. And I love the tune, Nancy with the Laughing Face, which I remember so well from the first Sinatra record, one of my very favorites.

I don't think I've ever heard this done instrumentally. It's certainly wonderful to hear Ben doing it, and it's very, very delightful.

I don't know who the arranger was. I would have liked to hear higher strings, which I think would have complemented the husky tone of Ben Webster a little more than just the lower strings. What is it—two violas and two celli?

Ben played in my band many years ago, and then, some years ago, he was in my quintet in Hollywood. I was playing mostly trumpet then.

We didn't record, but maybe we should record together—with Ben playing stride piano! . . . Four stars.

 Modern Jazz Quartet. England's Carol (God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen) (from The MJQ and Orchestra, Atlantic). Unidentified symphony orchestra conducted by Gunther Schuller; John Lewis, arranger.

Quite interesting. I thought it might well have been the MJQ with strings. I don't know whether it was something written by John Lewis—which it well could have been—or something on . . . was it Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen? It was quite nice and interesting, but it leaves me sort of unmoved. I'm sure there's a market for it. Three stars.

 Ornette Coleman. Embraceable You (from This Is Our Music, Atlantic). Coleman, alto saxophone; Don Cherry, trumpet; Charlie Haden, bass; Ed Blackwell, drums.

I have Ornette's first album, on Contemporary, and I didn't particularly care for that—that is, the playing on it, but I did think his writing was very promising, and his playing was much better than this.

Frankly, I don't know quite what to say about this, but I listened to it throughout, so I've got to say something. As for the ensemble passages . . . this was ensemble?

When people like Gunther Schuller and John Lewis, whose musicianship I respect, back and support this so openly and so fervently, I don't know what to think. I just can't figure it out. From the very first note, it's miserably out of tune. Of course, one thing I did like: they wound up on a new chord, a new triad. Usually, you know, the boys are always finding these altered chords like the diminished ninth, the 13th and 15th, and here they just wound up on a nice augmented fifth—with the augmented fifth in the bass! I thought this was unique! This was different! I'll give it two stars for courage.

Tommy Gwaltney's Kansas City Nine. Dedicated to You (from Goin' to Kansas City, Riverside). Gwaltney, alto saxophone; John Bunch, piano.

It's an unusual alto sound, but I like it. I wish I could have heard more of the piano, who came through with some very interesting little tidbits. It was *Dedicated to You*; I remember hearing Pha Terrell sing it with Andy Kirk's big band. Three stars.

Afterthoughts by Carter

I should like to revise one rating. After hearing Embraceable You by the Ornette Coleman group, I'd like to raise the rating on Phil Woods' Midnight Sun Never Sets to 12!

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by John Tynan

Go ahead, call me reactionary. I happen to object to the musical nonsense currently being peddled in the name of jazz by John Coltrane and his acolyte, Eric Dolphy.

At Hollywood's Renaissance Club recently, I listened to a horrifying demonstration of what appears to be a growing anti-jazz trend exemplified by these foremost proponents of what is termed avant garde music.

I heard a good rhythm section— McCoy Tyner, piano; Reggie Workman, bass; Elvin Jones, drums—go to waste behind the nihilistic exercises of the two horns.

It is my old-fashioned notion that there should be discernible rapport and working unity between soloist and rhythm section, that each should complement the other, transforming individual effort into a collective blend delivering what I have come to expect of good jazz — that elusive element, swing. Coltrane and Dolphy seem intent on deliberately destroying this essence, this vital ingredient. They seem bent on pursuing an anarchistic course in their music that can but be termed anti-jazz.

Melodically and harmonically their improvisations struck my ear as gobbledegook. It is said that one of Coltrane's fondest desires is to play a chord on the tenor saxophone. In this aspiration I wish him lots of luck and concede that this ambition may account for most of the musical confusion. In this he earns my sympathy, also.

Coltrane is an artist, to be sure (although his development these days would hardly appear to support that statement), and thwarted desire is, to an artist, fate's cruelest blow. It is said, too, that he *does* play chords on tenor. The value of this achievement, if true, is lost on me in view of the amorphism of his now-celebrated sheets of sound.

I do not deny the possibility that Coltrane—and Dolphy, too—may be communicating uniquely an elevating artistic message to the listener (one respected jazz musician remarked on Coltrane's "spiritual maturity" after hearing his music at the Renaissance). If they are, this communication must have been elevated to an astral plane

beyond my consciousness. I admit it, see.

Driving home from the Renaissance, I was reminded of some remarks addressed by composer William Grant Still to the Music Teachers' Association of California at its 1961 convention. He was speaking of nonjazz serious music, it is true, but I found his points well taken in general and specifically applicable to the musical approach to Coltrane and Dolphy.

"Today," Still told the educators, "we are asked to accept-as musicstunts that border on the idiotic. It's amazing that such things are written; it's more amazing that some intelligent people fail to question them. Actually, experiments with sound should be so labeled and not confused with music, Such experiments have no place in the concert hall; they only have a place in the composer's private laboratory. And it would undoubtedly be wise if listeners were to shun such so-called music, for it is a destructive force that can harm those who do not protect themselves against it."

Then, he added, "No composer should confine himself to one school of thought, or to a single style or form of expression if he has the inclination to expand. There is some value in everything; it is mainly the exclusive use of dissonance, formlessness, and stunts that I deplore, in addition to the fact that proponents of this sort of expression apparently have closed their minds to any other sort of expression.

"In summation, I would say these things: 1. Music's true function is greater than that of merely expressing harsh and uninteresting sounds. 2. The new is not necessarily better than the old. 3. Intellect isn't always more desirable than emotion, and unintelligibility can never supplant simplicity and understandability."

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The sincerity of Coltrane and Dolphy is not the question here. They may believe fiercely in the truth of their approach. They may be unalterably convinced that they are extending the horizon of jazz. They may swear they are probing toward New Frontiers in music. There is no evidence to doubt any of this. But the sounds they produce stand alone and apart from their intentions. And to these ears the sum of the sounds remains musical nonsense.

Final Readers Poll Ballot on page 56

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CAROL SLOANE

(Continued from page 15)

as many night-club and jazz-room engagements as possible.

Before the big break came at Newport, Carol was considering delaying her career to take a steady job as a secre-

"But Bob Bonis gave me that extra push," she said. "It meant throwing away a paycheck, but he talked me into putting everything into my singing.

"Every successful person must have someone who believes in her. If it wasn't for Bob, I'd still be behind a typewriter."

She and Bonis discuss each new step in her career carefully before going ahead. A few months ago, while she was appearing at the Red Hill Inn near Camden, N. J., Bonis took movies-to study her gestures in front of the mike.

Taking a cue from her Elgart days and from smooth-working artists like Mel Tormé—Carol is warm and friendly at the mike and talks with her audience between songs, unlike some jazz singers who act almost like queens.

"Nothing is done haphazardly," Bonis said. "We plan everything. The other day we were listening to old Red Norvo records to see what kind of backgrounds he used for Mildred Bailey when she sang with the band."

Carol likes singers like Mildred Bailey, Lee Wiley, and others who many of the newer crop of vocalists know little of. It is no coincidence that both these singers, and several others she admires -Ella Fitzgerald, Sarah Vaughan, Billie Holiday, Peggy Lee, Mel Tormé, Vic Damone, and Frank Sinatra-all sang with bands at one time.

But she also likes Richard Tucker, Leonard Warren, and Mahalia Jackson.

Her tastes in bands range from Quincy Jones ("the most exciting new band") to Duke Ellington.

Among instrumentalists, she admires Clark Terry, Jimmy Maxwell, Lawrence Brown, Al Grey, Wilbur Ware, Harry Edison, Oscar Peterson, Ray Brown, especially the last two. "Oscar was the first jazz artist I ever saw in person," she said, and recalled the eagerness with which she anticipated her recent New York opening at the Village Vanguard because Brown and Peterson were on the same bill: "Imagine spending two weeks listening to Oscar and Ray."

It is no surprise that her favorite horn men play brass instruments, for she said she feels she gets a "brassy sound" when she scats, which she does frequently.

"I'm a trumpet," she said. "I hear Harry Edison when I scat. Jon [Hendricks] is a pure saxophone.'

Many musicians are sure to hear the trumpet in Carol Sloane's voice. She has the innate musicianship of top



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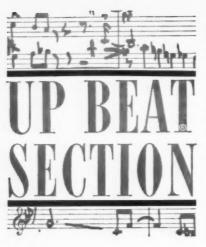
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By BILL MATHIEU

In the last few columns I have been discussing a general harmonic approach to improvisation. One reader recently asked, "Can you really *teach* someone to improvise?"

The question touches the central nerve of the teaching process. In one sense, you can't teach anything to anybody: all a man ever knows is what he experiences for himself—even if he experiences vicariously through others.

The best teachers, especially teachers of something so subjective as jazz, will try to indicate to the student the method by which the student can augment his experiences, and the direction that, in the opinion of the teacher, those experiences should take. Mere facts lie dormant until the student can increase the magnitude of his experience by putting them to use. A jazz teacher can show the student elements of style and indicate ways to use them. But the creativity has to come from the student.

My first jazz teacher, Buddy Hiles, did me a great service simply by lending me certain well-chosen records. It was a big step when I learned to play (sort of) the Miles Davis solo on Boplicity (which to this day strikes me as being one of the greater moments in music). Who "taught" me? Buddy Hiles? Miles Davis? The interaction of guidance, exposure, and sweat is indispensable.

Those who advocate the just-blowyour-horn-man approach are just as bad as the supereggheads who try to figure it all out first and then expect to be able to play. Neither of these attitudes, by itself, is productive.

The central idea in the last two columns was harmonic movement should never be considered on a chord-bychord basis. Each chord should be considered part of a larger harmonic plan. Long strings of chord changes are seen to arrange themselves into a few important tonal areas. Each tonal area implies a prominent scale, and it is this scale that should influence the improviser's choice of notes. One reader wrote in an excellent question related to this, and, with my usual care, I lost the letter. So with the forbearance of my unidentified reader, I'll try to paraphrase his question:

"Much jazz derives its flavor from the presence of 'blue notes'—the flatted third and the flatted seventh of the chord. How can the blue notes of a specific chord be derived if one is thinking only of the tonal area and not of the intervals of the chord itself?"

First remember that blue notes are not the flatted third and flatted seventh of any chord. In their strictest definition they are the minor seventh of the dominant chord and the minor third of the tonic (major) chord. Blue notes always tend to resolve down a minor third. In the key of C major, this would be:



There are extensions of this, so here is a more practical definition: blue notes are the minor third and the minor seventh of a major *scale*, provided they occur against a dominant or tonic function, i.e., any chords that act like a dominant or a tonic.

However, dominant and tonic functions are not restricted to the direct statement of these two chords but include their many substitutions and extensions. And since practically every chord in a harmonic progression will turn out to be related more or less to either the dominant or the tonic, it is safe to say that the minor third and the minor seventh of the scale in question, if it's major, nearly always can work as blue notes.

Remember that this isn't necessarily the main scale of the tune—it is the scale of the tonal area that's stated or implied at the moment.

If the scale proves to be minor, it's a different story. The intervals change, but the principle is the same. (The most pronounced blue note in a minor scale is the flatted fifth resolving to the minor third.)

The big point: blue notes work like every other element in respect to functional harmony. They must be considered as part of broad tonal areas just as much as they are thought of in respect to individual intervals and individual chords.

This thought really caps the whole discussion of a harmonic approach to improvisation. There is a duality here. The specific sound of the moment and the composite of all the sounds collectively must be sensed simultaneously.

I say "duality" because on the surface, it appears that way. But when one becomes more familiar with the work that harmony does, the two seemingly opposed modes of thought combine into a flowing, musical whole.

I have a notion that the *Inner Ear* has drifted recently to the overly technical side. This is because I feel very strongly about certain problems that hang up the student jazz musician, and the only way really to discuss them is through technical terms. However, there are other issues of a more general nature that have less dependence on technical language, and these will return to this column.

LL ROI

PAGE

Trombonist-composer Dave Baker, who wrote *Le Roi (The King)*, which begins on page 44, is 29. He led his own big band while he attended Indiana University.

For the last two years, Baker has been associated with composer George Russell, contributing originals to, as well as playing in, Russell's sextet. The trombonist also toured Europe this spring with the Quincy Jones Band.

Le Roi is the first of a three-part suite Baker completed this summer. The composition is modally derived, in his case from the Dorian mode. Note that A is repeated, making a total of 56 bars. The last eight bars of each half are in 3/4 and "serve as sort of a vamp," according to Baker. This 3/4 vamp is retained in the solo choruses.

A different arrangement of *Le Roi* was recorded earlier this year by Philly Joe Jones for Atlantic records.

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JHZZ ARRANGEMENTS FOR ACCORDION

The accordion has been used in jazz since the 1920s, when Duke Ellington and Bennie Moten employed accordionists.

But it was not until the late '40s and 50s that the instrument began to be heard often in a jazz context: Benny Goodman used Ernie Felice in his sextet; Art Van Damme evolved his interpretation of the Goodman sextet into a musical and commercial success; George Shearing, an extraordinary jazz accordionist, recorded with the instrument; Mat Mathews and Leon Sash made a dent on the jazz recordbuying public and appeared at jazz festivals; and pianist Pete Jolly recorded several accordion sides. Most recently, Tommy Gumina, who was well established in Hollywood studios, joined clarinetist Buddy De Franco to put together one of the unique groups in jazz.

During this rise in acceptance of the accordion in jazz, there has been a

shortage of jazz arrangements published for the instrument. This has changed recently; several publishing houses have brought out special jazz folios for the instrument. Following is a list of the best available in the field:

Accordion to Dannon, by Tony Dannon. (Ampco's Riff; Ciribiribin; Left Alone in the Rain; Medium Rare; Swingaroo; Swing Easy; Tony Talks; Oh, Marie.) Pietro Deiro Publications, \$1.25.

Art Van Damme's Modern Jazz Recital. (Art's Boogie Woogie; Ecstasy; Meadowlands; Sherman Bounce; Gypsy Rondo; Little Brown Jug; Study in Studio F; Irish Washerwoman; Movin'; Dark Eyes.) Pietro Deiro Publications, \$2.50.

Art Van Damme Selection for the Accordion. (Deep Purple; Blue Moon; My Blue Heaven; Laura; I Cried for You; Don't Be That Way; Once in a While; Linger a While; Should I; Taking a Chance on Love.) Robbins Music Corp., \$1.25.

Jazz Magic, by Art Van Damme and Tony Dannon. (Construction of Chords; Jazz Magic; B Flat Blues #1; others.) Pietro Deiro Publications, \$1.50.

Leon Sash 'n' Jazz #1. (Fast Operation; Robinsonia; Sashkebob; Scoobie Doobie George; Take the Turnpike.) O. Pagani & Brother, Inc., \$1.25.

Leon Sash 'n' Jazz #2. (Blowin' for Bonnie; G Whizz; Meant for Brent; Miles from Davis.) O. Pagani & Brother, Inc., \$1.

Modern Accordionist (Jazz Improvisations), by Mat Mathews. A modern method folio of latest interpretations for the jazz accordionist. Pietro Deiro Publications, \$1.50.

Popular Music of Mat Mathews (album included). Pietro Deiro Publications, \$5.95.



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Artie Dunn



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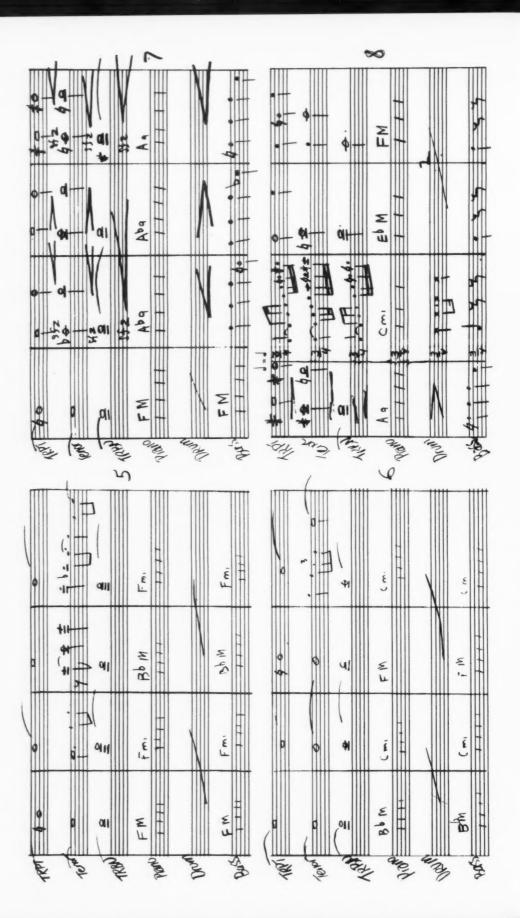
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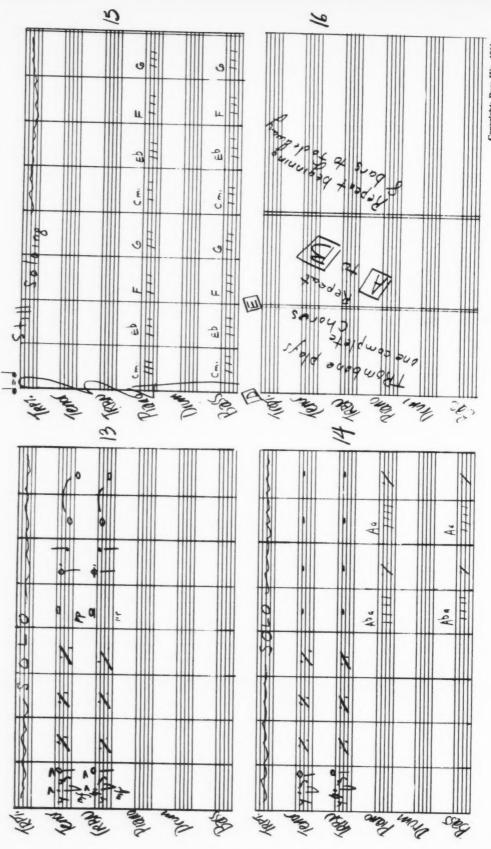
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FREE CATALOG ON REQUEST

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(Continued from page 12)

enough trouble, Workshop owner Art Auerbach has filed a complaint with the American Guild of Variety Artists because Bruce did not appear for his last Sunday performance. "He was too exhausted," his manager said.

Omitted from the obituary (DB, Nov. 9) of Booker Little, was the fact that he is survived by his three children, Booker Little III, 7, and twins Larry and Larue, 3, as well as his parents. A benefit for the children was held Oct. 31 at the Jazz Gallery. Little's last Candid records album, Out Front, with Eric Dolphy, Julian Priester, and Max Roach, is now in the record stores . . . Lionel Hampton will be one of the stars of this year's Macy Thanksgiving Day parade. Hampton's PM-West television segment last month was supposed to be with full band on parade. A mixup resulted, and the band was sent to San Francisco, while the film was done in Hollywood. As a consequence, Hampton played with bassist Leroy Vinnegar and drummer Stan Levy . . . Clarinetist Albert Nicholas is starring with various local bands in Oslo, Norway.

Singer Jimmy Demopolos has published through his own firm, Mark III Enterprises, a paperback book called Jazz-isms. It is a 500-word dictionary of jazz words and terms, selling for \$1 . . . Pianist Mary Lou Williams is very much out of retirement, appearing on television, and most recently working in person at the Wells Restaurant . . . Jimmy Giuffre left for his European tour on Oct. 18 and will be gone until the first of next year . . . Jimmy Rushing will open the new New Orleans Playboy Club. Rushing got his release from Columbia records, and will free-lance from now on. Bob Messinger, once of Columbia, now is managing Giuffre, Rushing, and the Clark Terry-Bob Brookmeyer Quintet. Other news from that new office: with Giuffre went pianist Paul Bley and bassist Steve Swallow; when Jack Paar was on vacation, comedian Orson Bean, his substitute, heard Clark Terry playing Bach as a practice bit with other musicians in the band. He insisted that they play it that night.

Publicist Joyce Ackers has gone to Europe to set up a Paris office. In Europe she will represent the Al Grey-Billy Mitchell Sextet, Charlie Parker Music, and Mayhew Music Co. Grey and Mitchell have signed a personal-management contract with C. B. Atkins, husband and manager of Sarah Vaughan. Trumpeter Howard McGhee is now a featured member of the group... Pianist Hazel Scott has a dramatic role in a new French picture, Night Affair . . . Trombonist Lou McGarity, the long-time Benny Goodman sideman

now playing the Arthur Godfrey Show, co-owns an antique shop, McGarity's Garrett, in Grand Isle, Vt.

Another new jazz club in New York: the Cinderella Club at 82 W. Third St, with Dixieland on Friday and Saturday nights . . . The Museum of Modern Art will have some jazz performances this winter, presented by Composers' Showcase and Jazz Profiles under the direction of Charles Schwartz . . . A Thurber Carnival is off on a 40-week road tour, starring Arthur Treacher and Imogene Coca. Playing the Don Elliott music will be Tom Stewart, alto trumpet; Gary Elpern, guitar; Whitney Cronan, bass; John Lee, drums.

Benny Goodman brought his trio-

Teddy Wilson and Gene Krupa-back together again for last month's Bell Telephone Hour . . . Nat Hentoff and Eddie Condon will be starred on weekly hour-long radio shows that will be distributed around the world by Troubadour Productions, Inc. Hentoff's show is called The Sound of Jazz and empha sizes the modern. Condon's show called Eddie Condon's Dixieland Bandstand . . . Peggy Lee has signed with CBS-TV for regular appearances on Steve Allen's daytime show and alternate appearances on Songs for Sale. Harry James was a guest star on the Danny Thomas Show last month . Nina Ray, a new disc jockey at Harlem's Palm Cafe, is trying something radical-playing jazz for the customer in what is essentially a rock-and-roll

Mercury records recorded Billy Taylor playing the score for the Broadway musical, Kwamina. Jimmy Jones did the arrangements for the 11-piece orchestra that included such as Clark Terry, Jimmy Cleveland, and Phil Woods . . . Command records, re-signed contracts with Doc Severinson, Urbie Green, Bobby Byrne, and Tony Mottola . . . Bob Thiele, late of Roulette records, will now head ABC-Paramount's jazz label, Impulse . . . Bill Nalle, who supplies background music for NBC-TV's Young Dr. Malone, has been signed by Mirrosonic records to cut pop and jazz organ albums.

PHILADELPHIA

Ella Fitzgerald's recent Academy of Music concert with the Paul Smith Trio was a sellout . . . King Pleasure sang at the Underground, backed by Bill Hollis and the New Sound Trio. Former Duke Ellington drummer Butch Ballard continues as leader of the house band at the basement spot . . . Beryl Booker is playing piano at Big Bill's . . . Patti Bown accompanied Dinah Washington during a recent Pep's date . . . Charlie Ventura, away from his home town for many years, appeared with a quartet at the Penn Lounge in Camden.

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Yusef Lateef gets around. He was featured with Olatunji at the Show Boat and then returned to the city to play at Pep's with the Charlie Mingus group, which also starred Jimmy Knepper . . . Drummer Tony DeNicola left Harry James to return to his home town, Trenton . . . Trumpeter Don McCargar, a former Chicagoan, is leading the Basin Street Irregulars at the Lamp Post in Levittown, Pa. . . . Former Chicago trumpet man and ex-Stan Kenton and ex-Woody Herman sideman Ed Badgely was called from his Levittown home to Chicago for the funeral of his father, who died as the result of an accident in Canada . . . Billy Krechmer moved his Sunday azz record show from WHAT-FM to WOAL-FM. Bill Mowbray, a veteran record collector, is producer of the show . . . Bobby Hackett teamed with Peanuts Hucko for several Monday sessions at Alvino's in Levittown re-

CHICAGO

If there were an award for the most confused night-club scene, the Sutherland Lounge would win hands down. It dropped its name-group jazz policy in the spring, switched to local groups, tried names again in September, closed doors after a week, was to be bought by the owners of the Velvet Swing club in October (the deal fell through), and is now scheduled to open again under the aegis of Art Sheridan and Ewart Abner, who are also part owners of Birdhouse and Basin Street. The addition of the Sutherland to their club ventures spells a complex, a chain, a cartel, or a something.

Buddy DeFranco and Tommy Gumina recorded their first album for Mercury last month. While the clarinets it and accordionist were in town for the recording session, they worked a two-weeker at the Ivy Lounge.

Truck Parham, one of best bassists in Chicago, rejoined Art Hodes at Bourbon Street. Pianist-columnist Hodes has a stomping Chicago-style sextet at the Rush St. club on Sundays and Thursdays and plays solo between Bob Scobey's sets Monday through Wednesday.

Drummer Rick Frigo, who has led his own trio for some time at Easy Street, is touring with a U. S. State Department troupe entertaining troops in the Caribbean and Europe. The tour lasts four months . . . Former DB editor Gene Lees pursues his singing career to Minneapolis; he has been working with the Warren Bernhardt Trio at the Padded Cell in the Minnesota city. Lees features French songs with lyrics translated into English.

Trombonist **Dave Baker**, who underwent surgery this summer for a dislocated jaw (*DB*, Sept. 14), was back in



Imperial

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says Buddy DeFranco

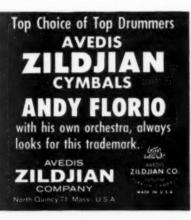
Key to the big sound of the hot, new Buddy DeFranco-Tommy Gumina Quartet is the blend of Buddy's clarinet with the Imperial accordion of Tommy Gumina.

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bums, "Virtuoso Accordion" and "Hi-Fi Accordion."

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PIETRO DEIRO ACCORDION CAPITOL 133 Seventh Ave. South New York 14, N. Y. town for further treatment . . . Tenor. ist Dexter Gordon, who recently closed at McKie's Disc Jockey Lounge, ful filled a life-long ambition during h stay in Chicago: he played with the Count Basie Band. The occasion was a dance held at the Ashland Ballroom "I've been looking forward to this all my life," Gordon said exultantly as he headed for the bandstand. The heated session that followed will not soon be forgotten by those present.

LOS ANGELES

Drummer Mel Lewis will join the Dizzy Gillespie Quintet for the trumpeter's European tour, which starts is London on Nov. 11, if Gillespie present drummer, Chuck Lampkin, forced to remain stateside because of his armed-forces reserve status. Lamp kin already has received stand-by or ders from Uncle Sam. . . Singer-guitar ist Don Barbour, formerly of the For Freshmen and lately building a career as a single, was killed the night of Oct. 5 on the Hollywood Freewar when his car skidded and smashed into a parked repair truck. The 33-year-old vocalist had just recorded a first albu for Capitol, which will be release soon . . . Si Zentner got a four-weeke with options at New York's Roosevel Grill, long-time home of Guy Lomba do. Zentner's newest sideman is Bi Halvorsen, bass trombonist and recen graduate of Temple City High School Halvorsen had been playing with Do Erjavec's American Jazz Society high school band.

Ernani (Noni) Bernardi, lead altois with the Benny Goodman Band du ing the 1930s and now a member Los Angeles city council, recently mad news by proposing a 10-year plan for the construction of an L.A. subwa system that would double as a fallou shelter. No official action has yet been taken on the proposal . . . And G Rodin, sax man with the 1930s Bol Crosby Band, who now is a television producer, was signed by Music Corp. of America to produce for Revue. MCA's television arm, a series of l live half-hour music shows, Musi Masters, to emanate from Toronto, On tario. The plan is to sell the series which will be taped, in the United States . . . Trombonist Russ Morgal leased the Alexandria Hotel ballroom as home base for his 14-piece band The hotel, in downtown L.A., enjoyed a vogue during the 1920s when Paul Whiteman held forth there prior moving to the Cocoanut Grove in 1928

Former Ornette Coleman bassis Charlie Haden returned here to li . Musicians Wives, Inc., held it Halloween masquerade ball at the Glen-Aire Country Club. Entertaining

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. . . Tenor were the Four Freshmen, Mary Ann cently closed McCall, Joann Greer, the youth band Lounge, ful of the American Jazz Society, and Les during his Brown's crew. Proceeds from the event were donated to the organization's casion was a scholarship fund for student musicians ... Frank Rosolino took a group into Marge Oliver's Cascades Club in Bel-

mont Shore with swinging Beverly The heated Kelly singing . . . The Chuck Marlowe big band plays at the University of California Santa Barbara campus on Nov. 18.

After six years at Jimmie Diamond's cocktail lounge in outlying San Bernardino, pianist Edgar Hayes moved to the Coachman Steak House in nearby Riverside, Calif. . . . World Pacific's Richard Bock signed Ron Jefferson, drummer with the Les McCann Trio, to an exclusive contract . . . McCann debuts this month on the Pacific Jazz label-as a singer. The orchestra was arranged and conducted by trumpeter Gerald Wilson . . . Jazz disc jockey Vern Stevenson is back on the air with his Just a Little Jazz Show over KMLA-FM Monday through Saturday, 10 p.m. to 2 a.m.

SAN FRANCISCO

The Hangover Club, the long-time bay area citadel of Dixieland-swing, which has been dark since owner Doc Dougherty closed last November for the annual holiday vacation, has been sold. The new owner plans reopening about the first of the year with the club's traditional music format . . . The Earl Hines' sexet is back at the Black Sheep after a three-month road trip that included Chicago; Detroit, Mich.; Joplin, Mo.; Toronto, Ontario; and Phoenix, Ariz. . . . Joe Sullivan, whose combo of Vince Cattolica, clarinet; Byron Berry, trumpet; Bob Mielke, trombone; Pete Allen, bass; Bob Ossiban, drums, has been gassing traditional fans during its Friday-Saturday night appearances at On the Levee, was himself gassed by an invitation to appear on an NBC video jazz spectacular (taped Oct. 28) in New York. The occasion reunited the pianist with such early-day Chicago chums as Bud Freeman, Jimmy McPartland, Pee Wee Russell, and Gene Krupa.

The Tex Beneke-Ray Eberle-Modemaires package drew 2,500 Glenn Miller devotees to one-night dance in Fairmont Hotel's huge new ballroom; as a result, promoter Lou Robin said he plans more such big-band bookings ... The Dave Brubeck Quartet returned to the area for a concert series that included appearances at San Jose, Berkeley (taped by Fantasy Records), and Sacramento, where the group played with the local symphony orchestra in what was billed as "a jazz vs. the classics program of familiar melodies." Like Mozart vs. Mingus.

Tenor saxophonist Julius Jacquet, 54, oldest of the four musician brothers, died Oct. 9 in an Oakland hospital after a brief illness. "He encouraged all of us," Linton Jacquet recalled, "and he taught Illinois his first saxophone scales." Trumpeter Russell Jacquet and Mrs. Mary Simmons, a sister, are other survivors . . . The Cannonball Adderley Quintet and Carmen Mc-Rae drew full houses for their Tuesday night openings at the Jazz Workshop and Black Hawk . . . Recent bookings at New Fack's have been the Duke Ellington Orchestra, Mel Tormé, and Joe Williams . . . Trois Couleur, the Berkeley beer 'n' wine jazz club, is swinging since Oakland vibist Jack Taylor became a partner a few weeks ago. Its unique in offering live jazz seven nights a week by eight groups: Con Hall, Monday; Dick Crommie, Tuesday; Bill Erickson-Frank (Big Boy) Goudie, Wednesday; and Willie Francis, Thursday. On Fridays and Saturdays, Taylor's quartet works from 9 p.m. to 2 a.m. and the Ron Smith Quartet from 2 to 4 a.m. On Sundays, the Bob Porter unit works from 4 to 8 p.m. and Smiley Winters', from 8 to midnight. Invitational sessions have been a big draw. A few blocks away an even newer club, the no-alcohol Tsubo, has celebrated its first month's anniversary. The Group, a co-op combo with George Kimball, vibraharp; Peter Engelhart, piano; Barre Phillips, bass; John Apperson, drums, plays six nights a week. The club serves sandwiches, pastry, coffee, and soft drinks.

Warren Hermann, who became popular with musicians and fans during his two years as manager of the Jazz Workship, has resigned and moved to New York . . . Wellman Braud, the veteran bassist who now is a fixture at Sugar Hill (the Barbara Dane blues club), sat in with the Ellington band (of which he was a member, 1926-35) during its San Francisco gig. The incident shook up veteran listeners even more than Lawrence Brown's solo on Rose of the Rio Grande . . . Local drummer Eddie Moore joined the Montgomery Brothers for their Vancouver, British Columbia, gig. Drummer Paul Humphrey heads the quartet that is in the cast of The Connection, which is playing here Fridays and Saturdays. The production's score was written by ex-Woody Herman, ex-Cal Tjader, now-leader pianist Vince Gua-





by William Russo

The man who wrote for Stan Kenton from 1950 to 1955 - as well as composing an awardwinning symphony and two ballets-now shares his experience in this, the first text of its kind on jazz composition. Brief, succinct chapters cover every technique, including voice treatments and new instrument combinations, and musical examples clarify each point. Many procedures outlined were initiated by Mr. Russo. \$3.50 at bookstores or from

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DOWN BEAT'S

26th ANNUAL READERS POLL

Send only ONE ballot: all duplicates are voided. Do not vote for deceased persons except in the Hall of Fame category.

This is your last chance to vote in Down Beat's 26th annual Readers Poll.

Facing this page is the official ballot. It is printed on a postage-paid, pre-addressed post card. Simply tear out the card, write your choices in each category in the spaces provided, and drop the card in a mailbox. It is not necessary to vote in each category. It is necessary, though, to write your name and address at the bottom of the card.

If for any reason the official, postage-free ballot is missing from your copy of *Down Beat* (accidents do happen), there is a duplicate official ballot printed at the bottom of this page. If you use this ballot, fill in your choices, cut out the ballot on the dotted lines, and send in a stamped envelope to Readers Poll, *Down Beat*, 205 West Monroe St., Chicago 6, Ill. (Of course, vote only once.)

Last year the number of ballots cast in the Readers Poll exceeded previous years'. We anticipate an even larger return this year. We urge *all* readers, whether lay listeners or musicians, to vote—the larger the number of ballots cast, the more indicative the poll will be of the jazz world's tastes.

The *Down Beat* Readers Poll has come to be more than a popularity poll: it not only reveals which jazzmen, bands, and singers are satisfying the emotional needs of the greatest number of listeners, but it also is watched closely by those who hire jazz performers. Again, we urge you to support the performers you believe in.

VOTING INSTRUCTIONS:

1. Vote only once. *Down Beat* reserves the right to disqualify, at its discretion, any candidate if there is evidence that his supporters have stuffed the ballot box in his favor. Don't disqualify your choices by misdirected zeal.

- 2. Vote early. The poll closes Nov. 13.
- 3. Use only the official ballot. Print names legibly,
- 4. In the *Hall of Fame* category, name the jazz performer who, in your opinion, has contributed the most to jazz. This is the only poll category in which both deceased and living persons are eligible.

Previous winners are ineligible. They are Louis Armstrong. Glenn Miller, Stan Kenton, Charlie Parker, Duke Ellington, Benny Goodman, Count Basie, Lester Young, Dizzy Gillespie, and Coleman Hawkins. A scholarship to the Berklet School of Music is given in the name of the Hall of Fame winner.

- 5. Vote only for living musicians in all other categories.
- 6. The Miscellaneous Instrument category has been expanded this year. There can be more than one winner in this category. The instrumentalist who garners the greatest number of votes will, of course, be declared winner on his instrument. But those who play other miscellaneous instruments can also win: if a musician receives at least 15 percent of the total vote in the category, he will be declared winner on his instrument. For example, if there are 10,000 votes cast in the Miscellaneous Instrument category, an organist, say, with 1,500 or more votes will win also, provided there are no other organists with a greater number of votes

(Note: a miscellaneous instrument is any instrument not having a category of its own. Two exceptions: valve trombone (votes for valve trombonists should be cast in the trombone category) and cornet (votes for cornetists should be cast in the trumpet category).

7. Vote for only one person in each category.

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In the NEXT ISSUE...

Much has been written about Hitler's Germany, the persecutions, the killings. But little has been revealed about how the Nazis dealt with jazz. Critic Eric Vogel, a trumpet playing resident of Czechoslovakia when the Germans took over that country in 1938, writes of his and jazzmen friends' experiences with the Nazis — including imprisonment in a concentration camp. The first part of what we feel is a heartwarming, sometimes amusing, sometimes tragic account of Jazz in a Nazi Concentration Camp begins in the Dec. 7 Down Beat, on sale Nov. 23.

THE DEC. 21

The winners of the largest jazz magazine poll will be announced in the Dec. 21 *Down Beat*, on sale Dec. 7. Reserve your copy of the 26th annual Readers Poll issue now!

stars surround Stan... *Stan Levey is a man whose career is shaped by stars. Not the astrological variety, however. Stan's affairs are influenced by such stars as Frank Sinatra, Peggy Lee, Nelson Riddle, and Billy May—to name just a few.

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Stan appears on a vast majority of Verve albums, sitting in with such diverse talents as Gerry Mulligan, Oscar Peterson, Diz Gillespie, Stan Getz, Ben Webster and Jimmy Guiffre.

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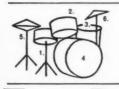


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